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OF 15
AMERICAN
CATHOLICS**

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Fear of the
Church?**

**Helen Hayes'
Story**

**Archbishop
Karl J. Alter on**

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FATHER RALPH GORMAN, C.P.

Father Ralph Gorman is the Editor of SIGN MAGAZINE. When Father Gorman was a young priest, he was assigned to the Passionist Monastery at Bethany. Here he dedicated himself to his devotion to the Passion of Jesus. So close to the actual scenes—who but Father Gorman could have written such an inspiring soul-stirring account of the final hours of Our Blessed Lord and Saviour!

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Letters

RECKLESS HOLLYWOOD

A word or two of commendation on accurate reporting is always welcomed by your contributors, and the article "Hollywood Goes Reckless," by my friend Jerry Cotter, is an especially timely and true picture of the film capital today.

As a contributing editor of one motion-picture trade journal and an editor for four other Catholic publications covering the general Hollywood scene, I would underscore everything that Mr. Cotter has written. Just recently, a producer told me he had never had a rape or seduction scene in any of his pictures, but he added, "The way we exploit them is something else again." Apparently he failed to see anything wrong in "tease" advertising which caters to the most suggestive themes.

On these same themes, another producer stated bluntly to me that the public, especially young people, "want to have sex and the double entendre on the screen—so long as it is tastefully done." He didn't elaborate, but I only wish he had.

Anyway, here's a heartfelt vote of thanks for the "conservative" case for decency and morality in our entertainment. Mr. Cotter could not be more right!

CHARLES OXTON

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

I just came across the April issue of THE SIGN containing Jerry Cotter's article "Hollywood Goes Reckless."

I am amazed at Mr. Cotter's restraint. However, it is heartening to find one reviewer who has not become so "broad-minded" that he is shallow-minded.

When we hear that Catholic schools encourage the reading and viewing of *On the Beach* with its pagan solution for fear (propaganda), we cannot be too surprised at the dry wood "if it be thus in the green."

RUTH KLEIN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PARENTS, TEACHERS, AND BROTHERS

We saw the "Parents Quiz Teachers" article (May) and jumped into it with interest. Our interest was satisfied, but (yes, the proverbial *but*) we thought something was missing. The interview was potent, yet once again the Brothers were left out. Much reference (and really not

(Continued on page 70)

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GEORGE A. KELLY

The Catholic Youth's Guide to Life and Love

By Very Rev. Monsignor George A. Kelly,
With a Foreword and Imprimatur by
His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman,
Archbishop of New York

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WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A TEEN-AGER. You're at the halfway stage. Where are you going? Importance of Church to future. Using native talents. Why God made two sexes. New attitudes.

BECOMING AN ADULT THE EASY WAY. Four principles to help make decisions. Why experiences and rules of others apply to you. Millions have had your problems. Three steps to help make good habits and break bad ones.

A DOCTOR TALKS TO YOUNG PEOPLE. by James T. Geddis, M.D. Physical changes of boys. Physical changes of girls. Health precautions. Sexual problems. "Facts of life." Why sexual stimulation should be avoided. Dangers of solitary sins. Venereal disease. Emotional changes.

YOUR EVERYDAY PROBLEMS. Some conflicts are inevitable. How much freedom? Parents set standards. Parents know more than you imagine. School work, spending money, meals, cars. Inferiority feelings, daydreaming, sex problems. Secret fears.

HOW TO MAKE & KEEP FRIENDS. Four rules to help you make friends. Cultivate a sense of humor. Don't put on airs. How poor manners lose friends. Qualities that boys want in girls and girls want in boys.

HOW TO WIDEN YOUR CIRCLE OF FRIENDS. The best ways to find friends. School and parish activities, hobbies. Making dates. Beware of men and women much older than yourself! Dangers of homosexuality.

HOW TO BE SAFE ON A DATE. Increasing prevalence of intercourse, pregnancies and venereal disease among teen-agers. When should dating begin? When to go steady. Some girls encourage "passes." Questionable places. Drinking. Car cautions. Kissing, necking, petting.

WHAT CAREER FOR YOU? Your life's work. Make use of your talents. The place of money and glory. Christian concept of work. What job is best for you?

DO YOU HAVE A RELIGIOUS VOCATION? How you can tell. Physical, mental and emotional requirements. Different vocations. Advantages of the religious life. Celibacy. Obedience. Poverty. Part parents play in vocations.

MARRY OR STAY SINGLE? Sacramental nature of marriage. Main reasons for marriage. Physical and emotional satisfactions. Joys of parenthood. Why artificial birth control is wrong. The single state. Evils of "marriage at any cost." Unmarried persons can be happy.

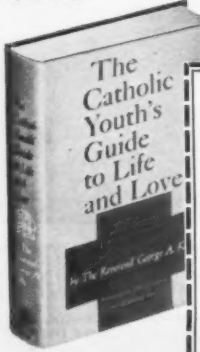
DATING NON-CATHOLICS. Dangers to your faith. Promises signed by the non-Catholic partner. Do mixed marriages make converts? Practical aids to avoid a mixed marriage.

WHEN YOU'RE READY TO GO STEADY. Impediments to marriage. Persons nobody should marry. The "in-law test" for prospective brides and grooms. Six factors to help you choose a boy friend or girl friend wisely.

ARE YOU SURE IT'S LOVE? Misunderstandings about "love." The qualities of true love. Three pillars of mutual love. How can you tell if it's really love? Love vs. infatuation.

YOUR ENGAGEMENT. Dangers of short and long engagements. The betrothal rite. "Rights" of engaged couples. Two rules for the unmarried. What should be revealed about one's past? Pre-Cana. Conferences. When and how to break an engagement.

PREPARING FOR YOUR WEDDING. A priest is necessary. How much time to allow. Rules on where marriages can be held. Special requirements for mixed marriages. Large wedding or small? Be fully prepared spiritually.



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avoid—what people to stay away from. Everything is explained simply and reverently, clearly and understandably, by one who never forgets that he was once a teen-ager himself.

What Cardinal Spellman Says About This Long-Needed Book

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As His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York, says in his Foreword to Father Kelly's book: "The Catholic Youth's Guide offers unmarried Catholics many practical directives for dealing with some of the critical problems facing American youth. They will receive helpful counsel on making the proper choice of a state in life, and time-tested guidance on the best means of preparing themselves for that vocation. Parents of adolescents will find this book of assistance to them in fulfilling their own responsibilities as the primary educators of their children."

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The SIGN

National Catholic Magazine

July, 1960

Volume 39, No. 12

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Catholics and the Presidency

WE HAVE devoted an unusual amount of space in this issue to the controversy caused by the possibility that a Catholic may become President of the United States. We wish to make it clear that we are not campaigning for the nomination or election of Senator John F. Kennedy. We do not engage in partisan politics. Furthermore, we think that Catholics—and all others—should vote for a candidate because they judge him the best man for the job, and not because of his religion. Certainly, if a Catholic President favored his own Church above others, he would do American Catholics a great disservice and put them at a distinct disadvantage in their relations with their fellow Americans.

The only advantage that we can see in the election of a Catholic President is that it would kill the current belief that only a white Protestant may hold that office.

We are very fortunate to have secured the interview with Most Rev. Karl J. Alter, Archbishop of Cincinnati, which appears on p. 11. We requested this interview with His Excellency, not merely because of his Archiepiscopal rank, but because of his scholarly attainments in all that pertains to the life and teachings of the Catholic Church.

Beginning on p. 15 is an article by Jerome G. Kerwin, Professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago. It answers many of the objections made by bigots as well as by uninformed non-Catholics of good will.

From the early days of this nation up to the present, Catholics have been in the mainstream of American life. There is no field of endeavor that has not been enriched by their contributions. Beginning on p. 19 is a picture-text story giving thumbnail sketches of some American Catholics who are prominent in the arts, science, education, politics, literature, entertainment, etc. There are so many that it was difficult to make a selection. Their devotion to American ideals is unsurpassed by any. In the present Congress there are 103 Catholic Congressmen. Their voting records show that they are as American-oriented as any members of Congress.

At first we had determined to ignore the controversy over a Catholic in the White House, lest we give the impression that we were campaigning for a particular candidate. Debate on this issue, however, has raised so many doubts and occasioned so many false statements that we feel that we owe it to Catholics and non-Catholics alike to give as clear

and authoritative answers as possible within the limited space at our disposal.

There is one smug assumption that we would like to refute. Many writers and speakers assume, as if it were an incontrovertible fact, that the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century gave religious liberty to the Western world. That is simply not true. Not a single Reformer believed in or practiced religious liberty—except for himself. Most of them denounced religious liberty and persecuted all who disagreed with them, especially Catholics. Theodore Beza, successor to Calvin at Geneva, summed up the Protestant attitude toward religious liberty when he labeled it a most diabolical dogma because it means that everyone should be left to go to hell in his own way. It is a historical fact that not a single country in Europe was converted to Protestantism without the use of force.

The spread of religious liberty in the Western world has been a gradual process, due to a variety of causes, some good and some not so good. Protestant sects became so numerous that they realized that continued battle among themselves was suicidal, so they began to tolerate one another and to save their ammunition for the Catholics. Indications of this attitude have been quite evident here in America throughout our history—including recent months. Needless to say, there have been outstanding individuals, both Catholic and Protestant, who have advocated religious liberty for all as a matter of high principle. In any case, we Catholics can take pride in the fact that any true history of religious bigotry in America would necessarily be a history of non-Catholic bigotry.

WE Catholics may be called upon in the coming months to exercise considerable patience and forbearance. Professional anti-Catholics we shall always have with us. That should not surprise or disturb us. Christ foretold to His disciples that they would meet opposition and persecution. The vast majority of American non-Catholics are not bigots. Many have been misled by anti-Catholic propaganda. It is our duty to inform them correctly and to do it with gentle patience.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



Editorials in Pictures and Print

National Purpose Debate

Life Magazine and the *New York Times* are to be warmly congratulated for recently running a series of articles on the national purpose. This "stirring up of uneasy questions, forcing Americans to re-examine themselves and their aspirations" could well be, as the editors indicate, "the most crucial debate of our generation."

Such probing of the national conscience and re-examination of the American Dream are an encouraging sign—but also carry an ominous portent. Years ago, the world-famous social scientist Christopher Dawson remarked that so long as a nation possesses a living culture it is unconscious of it, and "it is only when we are in danger of losing it or when it is already dead that we begin to realize its existence and to study it scientifically."

There are certain social scientists (Mr. Dawson is not one of them) who follow the Spenglerian thesis that human societies are like plants: they are born, they grow to maturity, they briefly hold their own in the prime of life, then decline, decay, and die—and all by a rigidly necessary process. The ways of human society in the past doubtless show many examples of the rise and fall of civilizations—but no Catholic could subscribe to such a blindly fatalistic theory of human society. The tremendous implications of the Incarnation, the intimate marriage of divinity and humanity, and the ever available reserve of new Divine Life offered to men in need of renewal, make a Catholic ever hopeful of the future. Society changes when men change; when men re-set their sights, society changes its goals.

But truth demands we also admit the dangers we face. There is some validity to much of the criticism of America heard on many sides by devoted Americans. We are a people "that has lost its identity, lost its grasp on the meaning and purpose of life." One of the more caustic critics declares: "We're breeding a new type of human being—a guy with a full belly, an empty mind, and a hollow heart." The 38 per cent of American prisoners who defected as "collaborators" during the Korean War, makes us wonder to what extent Americans have lost their way.

On February 3, President Eisenhower appointed a special committee on National Goals. The preamble to the Constitution indicates the wide scope of Government in devising political, economic, and even cultural goals. But "goals of life" are greater still. No government can establish these goals. This is the task for prophet and priest.

A people's vitality, initiative, and sense of responsibility, their moral courage, honesty, and integrity, their attachment to deep-seated convictions and willingness to act on them, to live and die for them, all these are affairs of man's spirit. Such spiritual affairs are more immediately the concern of a nation's homes, schools, and especially the churches. In this context, the Catholic Church in America stands as a bulwark of freedom and national strength.

The current debate over national aims will certainly help to elevate the quality of the rising flood of current campaign oratory. But the debate must continue—for its significance lies far deeper than momentary partisan politics.



AFRICA'S CARDINAL RUGAMBWA, of Tanganyika, on the throne of his titular church in Rome. The vitality of the Church in an awakening Africa is affirmed in his elevation

UPI

Religious Liberty

Our crystal ball for July does not reveal whether a Catholic will be nominated for the Presidency. But it does indicate that the religious issue will make a strong impact on this year's political campaign.

Discussion of this religious issue is bound to be partly painful to American Catholics. We resent being labeled second-class citizens. This is bad enough when the judgment stems from bigotry, but even worse when the basis of the objection is misunderstood Catholic doctrine.

Yet honest discussion can clarify some extremely complex issues. The Catholic record on religious liberty is subject at times to misunderstanding. It is not easy for outsiders to distinguish between matters of principle and decisions made under the pressure of special historical circumstances.

In this connection we are most fortunate in having a study made under the auspices of the World Council of Churches. It is entitled: "Roman Catholicism and Religious Liberty." The author is Dr. A. F. Carrillo de Albornoz.

He writes of "the momentous importance, within the Roman Catholic Church, of the everyday increasing stream in favor of religious liberty. If such an attitude should prevail in Roman Catholic thinking and practice, there is no doubt that new ways would open toward an ecumenical understanding with our Catholic brethren."

Dr. Carrillo finds three positions on religious liberty which are common in Catholic thinking: the older view that error has no rights and a Catholic state has a right, possibly a duty, to repress heresy; a second view which modifies the first, holding that it is not expedient to exercise this right; and a third view which points out that, while error may have no rights, people do, and we must respect this sacred right of conscience. We must respect the good faith of those who disagree with us. Dr. Carrillo thinks this third view of Catholic thinking is in the ascendancy today. Toleration is a lesser evil than repression.

In the great body of Church teaching, we must distinguish between unchangeable principles of faith and morals, and particular pronouncements conditioned by historical circumstances. Those familiar with nineteenth-century democracy in Europe can well understand some of the reserve expressed by popes of the period. By contrast, the late Pope Pius XII strongly eulogized the democratic ideal in his 1944 Christmas message and, in his address to Italian Jurists in 1953, issued a strong defense of the rights of the individual conscience.

When these distinctions are not made, serious misunderstandings can occur. Recently an editorial in *Osservatore Romano* created considerable attention in the American press. It was a warning to Italian Catholics not to join hands with Marxist political parties. But some of our U.S. newspapers interpreted it as an indication that the Church would dictate political decisions to a Catholic President.

Perhaps many of these misunderstandings are unavoidable. Barriers of language, tradition, and culture make communication difficult. An accurate but literal translation can be completely misleading, because of nuances and subtleties that a reporter is not trained to find.

Because Dr. Carrillo does understand these subtleties, we hope that this book will be widely read by American commentators on the religious issue in the campaign. Reading it may not make theologians of these commentators. But it might help them to realize that the obvious is not always correct. If this happens, we will all gain from airing the issue.

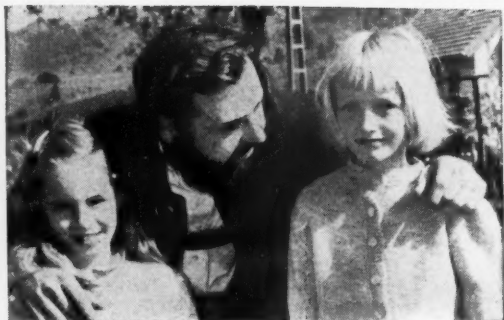


PREJUDICE is not allowed to die as E. L. Edwards, Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, speaks on courthouse lawn in Georgia



TENTH BIRTHDAY. Radio Free Europe is ten years old this year. Here, two Polish-American children join a special program for Poland. RFE keeps the voice of free people alive

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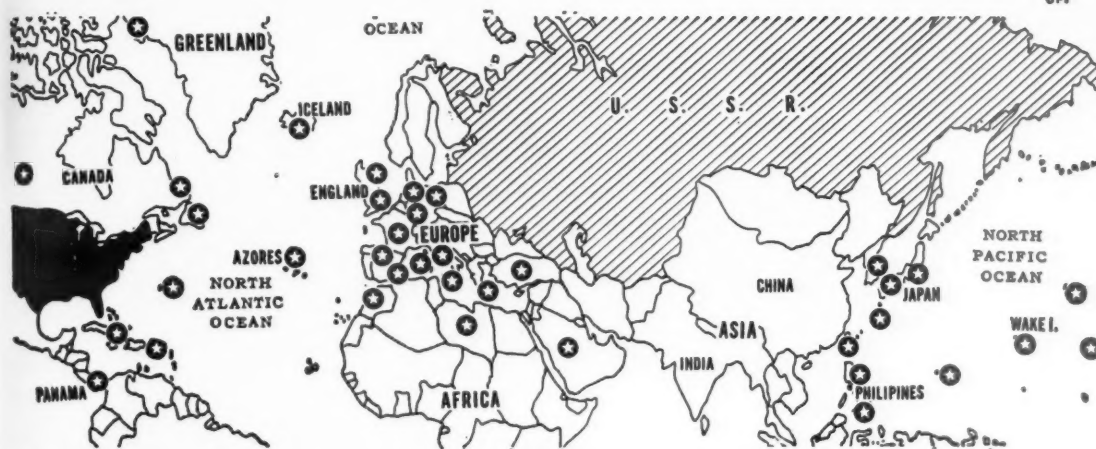


FIRST outsiders to take part in Oberammergau Passion Play in 300 years are Americans Blythe Lasley (left) and Elizabeth Dietz

FIRST CATHOLIC to be Chief Justice of Supreme Court of Pakistan is Alvin Cornelius. Country is largely Moslem



UPI



DEFENSE of United States is a round-the-world operation. Stars indicate overseas bases for American planes. They are necessary to contain aggression; their goal is peace

RELIGIOUS NEWS



CUBAN Archbishop Enrique Serantes of Santiago issued a strong anti-Communist pastoral letter urging Cuban Catholics to resist "the enemy within our gates"

RELIGIOUS NEWS



CATHOLIC MOTHER of 1960 is Mrs. Frances Leehan of Portland, Oregon. She is shown with four of her thirteen children. Four of her sons are in the Redemptorist Congregation. Two daughters are Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary (Sr. M. Frances, Irene is in picture). Mrs. Leehan is a childhood convert to Catholicism

America: Experiment in Freedom

Since 1776, America has enriched the world with an example of a social system where men who thirst for freedom can come and drink freely. Protected by political freedom, aided by economic freedom, Americans are ably supported in their pursuit of the highest freedom of all: freedom of spirit.

Political freedom is America's first glory. This freedom is the prime condition for a citizen to chart his own course in life; to live, not as a bee in a hive or an ant on a hill, but as a free man made in God's image. With liberty and justice to all and under equal protection of laws, our Constitution guarantees each man freedom of conscience; his right to life, liberty, and property; his freedom to move about as he wishes, to choose the career he wants, to marry and raise and educate a family, to assemble and form voluntary organizations, freely discuss public issues, and make his voice heard in his government.

But too much political freedom for some can mean economic enslavement for others. It took American common sense 150 years to work out the present system of social justice aimed at securing economic freedom for all.

Economic freedom is America's second glory. The wealth of the nation is destined by the Creator for the service of all. The American system seeks to permit each citizen to earn a suitable livelihood; to support himself and his dependents in a way worthy of human dignity. Government regulations now keep any one group from dominating the nation's resources. Labor and management can meet on equal footing to freely discuss fair rewards and conditions of a common work. Legislation restrains wild speculation and irresponsible banking. It safeguards human life, outlaws child labor, regulates industrial employment of women and minors; encourages insurance plans, pension and welfare funds; provides public education for all. It is a human system designed to protect each citizen in his pursuit of happiness.

The final freedom is freedom of spirit. Too many Americans imagine that freedom of choice is the highest freedom. But such freedom of choice is given by the Creator only as a means to an end. What a man becomes depends on the choices he makes in life.

Wherever a man travels, he bears the burden of his soul. He may live in Park Avenue's most luxurious apartment, dine daily at the Waldorf, and dress in Fifth Avenue's finest—and still be a slave. If he has not learned to live according to the great laws of life, the inmost laws of his being, then he will still find himself tormented by inward anxieties; tyrannized by jealousy, lust, or greed; victimized by his own ignorance; enslaved by his own whims, fancies, and moods. "He that commits sin," Our Lord warned, "is the slave of sin." He said Truth would make us free.

In making his free choices in life, a man must be guided by truth—by the inmost laws of reality. The Ten Commandments, Our Lord said, are the way to life everlasting. Only by fidelity to the laws of one's inmost being, loyalty to the Lord of life, can a man reach that final freedom from inward constraint, the deep-seated peace and joy which flowers up in a man's spirit when he has reached maturity.

It would be one of history's greatest tragedies if America, after giving the world the finest example of a free society were to decay and die because her citizens did not know how to use their freedom. America today has reached the final test of her great experiment in freedom.

VIEWS IN BRIEF

Outward Look. The steady growth of the Church in the world—there are now more than half a billion Catholics—obscures a telling statistic: the Catholic percentage of the world's population is steadily decreasing. In 1954 Catholics were 19.1 per cent of the world's population; in 1956, 18.3 per cent; in 1958, 18.2 per cent. With justified alarm, *Worldmission*, published by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, notes that Christians of all types represented about half of humanity in 1900, but today are only a third. And in 2000, they will be less than a quarter, since the greatest population increase is taking place in the pagan lands of Asia. In fact, the total Catholic population of the world today is less than the increase in the non-Catholic population since 1930. What this means, in short, is that world population growth is far outstripping missionary activity. The prospect of a future world with Christ on the fringe, rather than in the center, should bestir us out of our complacency with the dispatch of the angels. But it probably won't.

The National "Softness." *The debate gathering steam in the country today attests that we are becoming soft because of our passion for consumer goods and luxuries. Wherever else we are becoming soft, our heads must be included. For Americans, with 6.5 per cent of the world's population, have 41 per cent of its income; Asians make up 52 per cent of the world, yet receive only 11 per cent of the wealth. How long do we think we can get away with hogging the world's wealth? Our foreign aid program is a pittance compared to the need and our capacity to help; it doesn't even approach our annual per capita expenditure of \$56 on alcohol and \$36 on cigarettes. Before it is too late, we must help the peoples of Asia and Africa and Latin America obtain the justice they seek.*

Freedom in the Air. Ten years ago this July 4, Radio Free Europe sent its first message into the captive nations of Eastern Europe: "You are not forgotten, you are not alone." Since then it has broadcast a variety of cultural and news programs each day from dawn to midnight. In spite of 2,000 Communist jamming stations, 90 per cent of its programs get through. Is it worthwhile? We might answer in the words of John Bowen, writing in *The Times Literary Supplement* (though he was not writing about Radio Free Europe): "One has the duty to use the media of communication one can . . . provided only that one does not compromise the truth of what one is trying to say. . . . It (communication) is like a broadcast. At one end is a man and a microphone and a technical apparatus of extreme complexity. At the other is a woman with a cheap portable radio of indifferent tone and a battery that needs renewing, who is using it only as background noise while she does the ironing. In between are atmospherics. But every now and then the voice comes through clearly, and the woman looks up from her ironing, and thinks over what she has heard, and perhaps says to herself, 'That's true, and I never knew it.' It's all one can hope for, and it's worth doing."

The Aim. William Cardinal Godfrey of England said recently: "In casting our vote, it is not our idea that we choose necessarily one who believes as we do, but any man or woman of any faith whose influences will be for good in public affairs. . . . What matters is that the person at the head should be a good, single-minded, wise ruler who will place State above party and God above all else. . . ."



Archbishop Karl J. Alter

Answers 19 Questions About

A CATHOLIC PRESIDENT



Archbishop Karl J. Alter of Cincinnati, one of the most distinguished members of the hierarchy in the United States, has a record of brilliant achievements in sociology, education, charity, and administration. A priest for fifty years and a bishop for twenty-nine, he has headed the Cincinnati archdiocese for the past ten years. Archbishop Alter has also been connected for many years with the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

Is there any conflict between the obligations made on an American Catholic by the U. S. Constitution and by the Catholic Church? Has there ever been any such conflict in the history of the United States?

There is no doctrine of the Catholic Church which is in conflict with the Constitution of the United States, and hence there can be no conflict between the obligations imposed by the Church and those imposed by the Constitution. The past history of our country reveals no instance in which a Catholic citizen was faced with a problem of conscience arising from any provisions of the Constitution.

In an article in *Look* magazine for May 10, Presbyterian Dr. Eugene Carson Blake and Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam granted that no such conflict exists for Catholic American citizens, even when they become Mayors, Senators, or Governors of States. But they insist that such a conflict would arise were an American citizen to become President of the United States. Is there any validity to their distinction?

The statement in *Look* magazine fails to make a necessary distinction between the duties of an executive officer and the duties of a legislator. The duties of a governor, by way of example, constitute an executive function; that of a sena-

tor is legislative. The making of laws is the responsibility of the legislative branch of government, not of the executive. Every legislator must follow his own conscience in voting on a proposed law, whether he be a Protestant, a Catholic, or a Jew. There is no evidence to justify the distinction therefore between the duties in conscience of a governor and the duties of the President of the United States. They differ only in magnitude and importance, not in their essential nature. The distinction attempted is, in respect to conscience, both fictitious and irrelevant.

In recent months, some Protestant leaders have raised specific issues. For example, they cite the insistence of the Church on providing parochial schools and then conclude that Catholics are opposed to the public school system of the nation. Do Catholics endorse the public school system?

The public schools were established in order to provide free and universal education. As Catholics, we approve this twofold objective. If there were no public schools we would have to create them. At the same time, we do not believe that the State may in justice ignore the rights and duties of parents in choosing the kind of education they want for their children.

When the State sets up a monolithic and exclusive system of education by compulsory taxes and at the same time refuses to recognize the right of parents to a reasonable choice of their own, it denies freedom of education and violates distributive justice in principle.

In effect, it also violates the freedom of religion of a substantial group of citizens. There are, broadly speaking, two classes of citizens in the United States. Some hold that religion is an integral element in education, and they want it included in the curriculum. Others do not want religion taught in the schools. Under the present system, this latter group alone has all the benefits of the public taxes. Why should those who do not want religion discriminate against those who do? Those who want religion are not forcing it on others. They are not asking tax money for religion in the school, but only for the secular subjects in the curriculum. The present system offers a false neutrality.

Parochial schools exist to secure the rights of parents. These rights have been vindicated in a solemn decree of the United States Supreme Court. These schools moreover are no threat to the public tax-supported system of education; in fact, they are by their very nature an auxiliary public service and their mutual relations should be those of friendly co-operation, rather than of opposition or conflict.

It has been frequently stated that Catholics insist they are entitled to public financial aid for their private schools whereas the Constitution's First Amendment, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, forbids such aid. Could a Catholic President uphold the First Amendment as so interpreted by the high court?

Defenders and advocates of the rights of the parochial schools judge that parents have a legitimate grievance when denied any portion of public taxes in the education of their children. They know, however, that the present Supreme Court's interpretation of the First Amendment makes it impossible to secure the kind of tax support granted in other countries—such as in England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, Germany, and in others—but they entertain the hope that with patience and a sense of fair play the American people will in due time remedy the situation and redress their grievances.

The duties of the office of President of the United States have nothing to do with this question of parochial school

support. It is exclusively a matter for the courts and the legislatures. The attitude of the President, whether favorable or unfavorable, could be expressed only if the Congress enacted legislation on the subject, and then only in accordance with the intent of Congress and the wording of the law.

Last year, many agencies, official and private, pressured the U. S. Government to provide birth control information to underdeveloped nations. Suppose Congress had voted such aid? The Catholic Church condemns, as immoral, artificial birth prevention methods. How could a Catholic be true to his Church and at the same time follow the legislative enactment of Congress?

As a matter of fact, Congress did not even consider the question, much less vote such birth control aid. Franklin Roosevelt, when President, generally refused to answer what he called 'if-fy' questions. The obvious reason is that a specific answer cannot be given unless there is a specific question based on a specific fact.

To avoid any semblance of dodging the issue, let it be clearly understood that neither the President nor any executive officer of government can be charged with responsibility for the morality of an act of Congress. That responsibility belongs to Congress alone. The action by which a federal law would be put into effect is never the free act of a single government official but of government as a composite entity. Hence, moral responsibility in the circumstances cannot be imputed to a particular individual. No President of the United States, whether he be a Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or infidel, can nullify an act of Congress. If as a Catholic he be convinced of the immorality of a specific law, he can take a passive attitude toward its enforcement. And thereby he violates neither his conscience nor his oath of office. A Catholic in office has no obligation in conscience to attempt to obstruct the fulfillment of any law by some futile action of his own.

There is a false inference in the question, namely, that a Catholic would be obliged to follow his conscientious convictions on birth control but that a Methodist would not need to do so, let us say, on legalized gambling, or a Quaker on the issue of war, or a Christian Scientist on a question of compulsory medical immunizations.

The Catholic Church places much emphasis on the censorship of books. She maintains an Index of prohibited writings, and, in America, she maintains such offices as the Legion of Decency and the National Organization for Decent Literature. The vast majority of Americans consider such prohibitions as restrictions on their liberty. How could a Catholic, in conscience, enforce the legal rights given American citizens by the First Amendment, regarding freedom of the press, freedom of speech?

It should be kept in mind, before taking up the details of the question, that the Catholic Church legislates in Canon Law for her own members and not for those outside her ranks. The Index of forbidden books imposes a restriction on Catholics only and has nothing therefore to do with civil government. Obviously, pornographic writings or such exhibitions are forbidden to everyone by the natural law and have their sanctions in the internal forum of conscience. The Supreme Court of the United States, moreover, has decreed that such professedly obscene writings do not enjoy the immunities provided by the First Amendment.

The larger question of so-called censorship, as exemplified in the purposes and action of the Legion of Decency and the National Organization for Decent Literature, must be answered with certain distinctions. To the extent that they evaluate the moral content of any picture, book, or drama,

they do no more than any book review of a newspaper or magazine. Their recommendations on the basis of moral content have as much validity and legitimacy as do the popular reviews of the same material on the basis of their literary or artistic merits. Neither one nor the other invokes, per se, the sanctions of any civil law. The only debatable question is whether economic pressure or boycott should be used. The Church has no law on the subject and imposes no obligation. Any citizen can follow his own conscience in the matter within the context of the civil law. There is no more conflict of conscience, therefore, for a Catholic citizen or officer of government than for any other citizen or government official. As a matter of fact, the President of the United States has nothing to do with censorship, and the whole question is irrelevant in relation to his office.

Canon 1258 of the Church's Code of Canon Law forbids Catholics to participate actively in religious ceremonies of non-Catholics. Yet the President is often called upon to participate in such ceremonies, even in non-Catholic religious buildings. How could a Catholic President fulfill such obligations?

The Code of Canon Law (Can. 1258, par. 1) does indeed forbid active participation of Catholics in the worship of non-Catholics. Any other attitude would involve a contradiction between belief and practice and would constitute a sort of hypocrisy. The same Canon, however, in paragraph 2, specifically states that civil officials can be present passively, for good reasons, at public solemnities, funerals, weddings, and similar functions. There would be no problem in consequence for a Catholic President in following the usual protocol or accepted practice. Permission is given even to lay Catholics to attend passively in similar circumstances; and they frequently do so without scandal or comment.

Is there anything in the legislation of the Catholic Church which demands that the United States send a representative to the Vatican?

The flat and unqualified answer to the question is that there is no law of the Church and no Catholic doctrine which requires a representative at the Vatican from the United States or any other country. The maintenance of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and a particular civil government does not imply a recognition of the doctrinal claims of the Catholic Church. This is made evident by the fact that a country like England with an established national Church, namely, the Anglican, maintains diplomatic relations with the Vatican; so does Pakistan, which is Moslem; so also Japan, which has no official religion unless it be Shintoism; so also forty other separate governments with a variety of religious beliefs.

There has been no pressure put upon our government by the Catholics of this country to establish diplomatic relations with the Vatican, in spite of the Protestant supposition to the contrary. The initiative came from our government for its own advantages. In fact, there is considerable reluctance among some Catholics to favor such diplomatic exchanges in view of the widespread unfavorable reaction which such a development would have on the public relations of the Church in this country.

Protestant opposition is due largely to a mistaken notion that diplomatic relations with the Vatican would create some kind of union of Church and State, or that it would imply some kind of religious favoritism, or perhaps an indirect approval of Church doctrine. No other government or people seems to entertain such unfounded fears. These governments continue to exchange representatives with the Vatican as a normal part of international relations. Such

"The fear that we as Catholics will use religious toleration here to gain the ascendancy in our country and then . . . proceed to deprive our fellow citizens of freedom of speech in religion, freedom of conscience . . . is utterly unwarranted by any doctrine of the Catholic Church"

relations with the Holy See began as early as the eleventh century and have continued ever since. I recommend that anyone interested in this question would do well to read Robert A. Graham's book *Vatican Diplomacy*.

Do you agree with Bishop Pike in his distinction when he states in his book "A Roman Catholic in the White House" (page 106), that "no American, no matter how anti-Roman Catholic he may be, could have any legitimate ground of objection to our sending some form of diplomatic representation to this tiny (Vatican) state," but not to the Holy See as an ecclesiastical entity?

Bishop Pike makes a valid distinction between the Vatican as an independent temporal sovereignty and the Vatican as the "Roman Catholic Curia," i.e., an international ecclesiastical headquarters. I agree that no American could have any legitimate ground of objection to our sending some form of diplomatic representation to the Vatican State; but one thing is certain, namely, neither our government nor the Vatican would find such representation acceptable. Moreover, it would have all the appearance of a subterfuge. It would be so interpreted by many people. The only justification for representation is that the Vatican exercises world influence as a spiritual force among hundreds of millions of people, and it is on this basis that it has accredited representatives from forty different governments today.

Can a candidate for public office or a government official "dissociate his religious convictions from his political decision-making"? (Book cited, page 70.)

No man, if he possesses integrity of character, may rightly dissociate his religious convictions from his decisions, whether they be political, social, economic, or otherwise. This is as true for a Protestant as for a Catholic. Before charging any man, however, with having violated his religious convictions, one had better, in the interests of truth and justice, be sure of the validity of his interpretation of another man's statements or actions.

Is there a distinct and consistent Protestant theory of Church-State relations versus a Catholic theory on the same subject?

The theory and practice of Church-State relations has varied from age to age, according to historical circumstances. In ancient times it was almost universally regarded as normal that the head of the government should be the head of religion. The Roman emperor was called "*Pontifex Maximus*," i.e., chief pontiff. Christianity drew a sharp distinction between the two on the basis of Christ's words: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's" (Luke 20:25). Spiritual supremacy and temporal supremacy have been regarded as distinct ever since, by reason of a logical development of the principle enunciated.

The spiritual interests of man have been regarded by

Christian men as of a higher order than his temporal interests, without, however, any inherent opposition between their just claims. Both Church and State are supreme in their respective functions, the one spiritual, the other temporal. The Church is an aggregate of souls for spiritual and eternal interests; the State is an aggregate of citizens for material and temporal interests. They are co-ordinate powers, and neither is subordinate to the other in its respective field of jurisdiction. These principles have been commonly accepted, but history clearly reveals that the principles have been applied in different ways as circumstances varied from time to time and place to place. Any claim, therefore, of a distinctive and consistent Protestant theory of Church-State relations is not substantiated by the facts of history either in Europe or in America. The positions of Luther, Calvin, Cranmer, and other reformers were radically different from those common to Protestant Americans today.

But what about the Catholic position on Church-State relations? Does the Church advocate Union of Church and State or Separation of Church and State?

The terms used, namely *Union or Separation*, are subject to a variety of interpretations. They are popularly called "grab-bag" terms, because you can take out of them whatever you put into them. Without precise definition of their meaning, without an adequate understanding of the progressive development of Christianity in the social order, and without regard to the complexity of political situations, it is impossible to rescue the debate from confusion and futile argument. No one can possibly answer the question with a simple Yes or No.

If *Separation* means a denial of the right of religion to influence public life, and if it means enmity and opposition on the part of the State, as was true in the days of Pius IX, then obviously the Church is opposed to that kind of relationship. If *Union* means the domination of the Church by the State or vice versa, then again it is rejected by the Catholic Church as an infringement on the rights and liberties of either the Church or the State. We ought to cease using these ambiguous words of *Union and Separation* to describe a proper relationship between Church and State. At present they are little more than political shibboleths.

That is a good exposition from a negative viewpoint, but we still do not have a clear and positive statement of the Church's position. What are the minimum requirements of the Church?

To be specific, the Church must be free to define her own doctrine, to determine her own mode of worship, to establish a system of discipline within her own communion, and to fulfill her own function of teaching and sanctifying mankind according to the mind of Christ. In order to carry out these purposes, the Church must be independent of any other authority in the appointment of her officials, free from State interference in communicating with her members on all levels, free to own and use property sufficient to achieve her divine mission. The Church must enjoy freedom of the press, freedom of speech, and freedom of assembly. As a corollary of such freedom or autonomy, the Church must have the right to educate and the right to perform works of charity as being essential functions of religion. Since the Church claims a charter and constitution of divine origin, she needs no license or permission from the State to exist or to function autonomously.

Do you think that the Church is presently restricted by the United States Constitution and its amendments, or that its members are limited in their rights?

No! The Constitution declares all citizens equal before the law and specifies, moreover, that there shall be no religious test for public office. The First Amendment actually limits the jurisdiction of government by denying it any competence in the field of religion. "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion nor prohibit the free exercise thereof."

Does this mean that the United States government is anti-religious or indifferent to religion, or refuses to recognize man's relationship and subordination to God as a social entity or collectivity?

No! The Constitution, at least indirectly, differentiates between the duties and function of the State and those of society. The State is only one agency of society, although a most important one. The United States Supreme Court has on two occasions solemnly declared that "We are a religious people." Our government has built chapels for religious worship; it has provided chaplains for the armed forces; it opens the sessions of Congress with prayer; it inscribes on its coinage the motto "In God We Trust." No one can claim that our nation is indifferent to religion.

What about religious tolerance or freedom of conscience? Does the Catholic Church subscribe to these doctrines and public policies?

Yes, provided we have a clear idea of what we are talking about. There are two kinds of religious tolerance: the one civil, which means equality before the law; the other doctrinal, which means one religion is as good as another—even when they are contradictory. The Catholic Church subscribes wholeheartedly to civil tolerance, but rejects so-called doctrinal tolerance. This attitude rests not merely on expediency, namely, the avoidance of greater evils, but on a nobler principle of respect for truth and the way the mind arrives at it. As far as freedom of conscience is concerned, the Church not only accepts it, but in her Canon Law demands it as an essential condition of membership for all converts. Physical force, legal restraint, or any form of coercion are contrary and alien to the mind of the Church in considering the formation or determination of conscience.

There seems to be an inconsistency somewhere, in view of the public policy of Spain and certain Latin-American countries. How do you account for the difference in attitudes?

The differences are due not to different religious doctrine but to differences of national policy. Spain looks upon the disruption of religious unity through propaganda as a disruption of political unity. And she has had enough of it. The Church does not direct the national or public policy of any country. We must remember also that churchmen in Spain are also Spaniards with a long memory of the bitter persecution of their country by so-called Protestant countries. Why not speak of Ireland, where the percentage of practicing Catholics in the population is much higher, and in fact constitutes the overwhelming majority? There is no restraint there on freedom of speech or freedom of assembly for Protestants.

The fear that we as Catholics will use religious toleration here to gain the ascendancy in our country and then, having achieved political hegemony, proceed to deprive our fellow citizens of freedom of speech in religion, freedom of conscience, or impose our convictions upon them, willy-nilly, is utterly unwarranted by any doctrine of the Catholic Church, as well as by the consistent pronouncements of the American hierarchy. We seek no privileged status; we proclaim our full

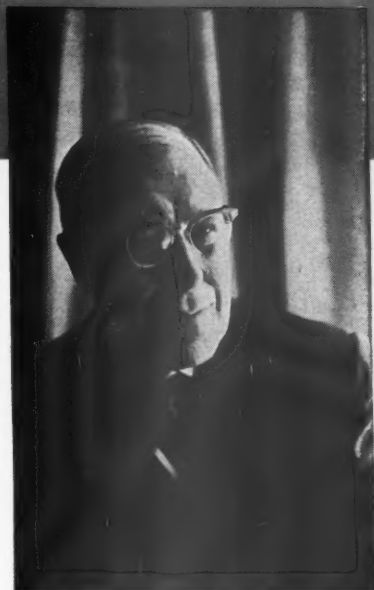
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WHY THIS FEAR OF THE CHURCH?

by Jerome G. Kerwin

Author and lecturer, Jerome G. Kerwin is the Professor of Political Science and Dean of Social Studies at the University of Chicago. He earned a doctorate at Columbia University in 1926 and has received honorary degrees from Holy Cross College and Notre Dame. He is a member of the American Political Science Association. This article is adapted from Chapter V of his book Catholic Viewpoint on Church and State (Doubleday & Company, Inc.) to be published July 22. Copyright 1960 by Jerome G. Kerwin.



In 1928, when Charles Marshall brought forward a list of objections to a Catholic's becoming President of the United States, Al Smith could honestly reply that, despite his long years in public life, he had never heard of such things. Today, no intelligent Catholic is unaware of non-Catholic fears. He is often amazed at their intensity.

Why this fear of the Catholic Church—thousands of whose sons have helped to build this land, thousands of whose sons have faithfully served this land in public office, and many thousands of whose sons have died for this land? The fear extends from intelligent Protestants of good will to the hysterical fanatic filled with hatred of everything that bears the name of Rome.

Most Catholics, practicing their faith and going about

their daily tasks, fail to understand what all the fuss is about. The average Catholic simply knows that no one, bishop, priest, or fellow Catholic, has ever asked or required him to do anything, now or for the future, which would diminish his loyalty to his country.

To the Catholic, his Church is not a power structure engaged in devious intrigues and conspicuous for the subversion of the American way of life. This is a caricature of something very sacred to him. However, among many non-Catholics, the very organization of the Church has created deep fears and suspicion.

A common belief is that the Church is a huge, monolithic structure that imposes everything a Catholic believes or acts upon; a perfectly functioning piece of machinery that can

be set in motion by the press of a button. This, of course, is the typical American view of any administration set-up, arising from our experiences with industrial organizations and monopolies. This is the way Americans' love for efficiency would have organizations function.

The American non-Catholic, faced with the Catholic Church structure headed by an absolute spiritual monarch residing in a foreign country, is left with an uncomfortable feeling that an alien leviathan controls the lives of millions of Americans. The two words *authoritarian*, which the Church is, and *monarchy*, create unpleasant images in the American mind. The American non-Catholic looks to the coming of a monarchy hereafter; he prefers democracy here and now.

Some Americans have an exaggerated faith in what this form of political order can accomplish. Our morals cannot be determined by the Gallup Poll, the Kinsey Reports, or even by majority vote. Our lives are controlled in scores of authoritarian ways—particularly our economic lives. A

"Despite the conviction of non-Catholics that the Church and its clergy mix in politics, little if any of the political is heard from the Catholic pulpit, and priests stand aloof from politics"

family run on democratic principles would produce incorrigible offspring. A university run by students, even, heaven forbid, by its faculty, would disintegrate before it could educate. Democracy, an excellent political system for a people politically mature, does not fit all institutions.

The prestige which the Catholic clergy in America enjoys is in no small measure due to their sense of responsibility and their oneness with their people. To the American Catholic there exists no such insidious force as the "hierarchy," particularly as conceived by some non-Catholics.

It is nothing short of amusing for the intelligent Catholic to read stories saying that the hierarchy does this, or commands that, or is scheming to accomplish the other thing. The hierarchy, that is, the bishops and the archbishops, meet about once a year and give the world a message for anyone to see. These men are neither all alike nor are they automatons with someone from afar manipulating them with strings. In fact, unanimity among them in social and political affairs is rare indeed. Some of them are noted for administrative efficiency, some for lack of it, some are friendly, some are reserved, some are scholars, some make no pretense of scholarship; but of all it may be said that they have a keen sense of the moods, the feelings, and the needs of the flocks under their care. When the hierarchy speak, they speak with a tone of reasoned authority, but no one within the Church trembles or cringes with fear. It is an insult to intelligent Catholics for anyone to tell them that they are dupes of a devious priestcraft or unwitting agents of a conspiracy.

At one time in America the Bishops were for the most part foreign born—mainly Irish. Today practically all of the Bishops are American born. They do not come from homes of luxury. Their parents generally have had to make great sacrifices to support them. They were reared in an American environment—they enjoyed the sports that all

American boys enjoy. They ate the same extracurricular diet of hot dogs and hamburgers and drank cokes the same as other American youngsters. They learned to admire and cherish the memories of great heroes and the great traditions of this country. They are poor stuff out of which to form a great conspiracy for subverting American life and liberty. Yet these are the men of the American hierarchy, "the minions of Rome" who, according to some misinformed souls, conspire from morning to night to control our social and political life.

The supposed uniformity in the rule and direction of the Church throughout the country would promptly vanish if one took the time to inspect it. Let us take the matter of education. No central body controls this vast system. Many religious orders run schools and colleges and in some places these schools are in competition. Only one educational institution in the country is supervised by the hierarchy as a whole, and that is the Catholic University of America in Washington, D. C.

The primary schools, the high schools, and a few colleges are under the control of each diocese. Under no circumstances could a sweeping reform of the whole system, if reform were necessary, be effected. Great financial savings and, quite likely, great efficiency would result from the merging of certain institutions of higher learning within the same area, but this is no more easily accomplished than the merging of secular schools under the same circumstances.

Many other matters outside the field of education could be cited, to show the lack of centralization both in this country and throughout the world: several rites, each with its own liturgy performed in languages other than Latin, frequently having a married clergy and having their own bishop, exist in this country. Long ago Pope St. Pius X issued a *Motu Proprio* for the reform of Church music, and yet many congregations still sing hymns put to the tune of old barroom ballads and rarely hear a Gregorian Chant. But the Church gains some of its wisdom from the Roman Empire in which it was born, for neither republican nor imperial Rome interfered with the local custom in the vast regions under control.

THE EFFECTIVENESS of priests in this country is in large measure due to the respect which laymen have for them. Historically this may, too, be mainly due to Irish tradition, in which the priests were at one with their people during the tragic history of Ireland. By and large, the respect of the people springs from the knowledge that the American priest serves his people well. One generally finds the clerical scholar among the Order priests; parish priests do not furnish many. Parish priests will tell you it does them little good to know the difficult problems of exegesis or the commentaries on the *Summa Theologica* when they are racing up to the fifth floor of a tenement building to bring the last rites and final consolation to a dying man. The organization of parish societies, the financial care of the parish, the care of the poor, the visiting of the sick, and the counseling of the bewildered, besides Masses, funerals, and weddings, do not leave much time for studious pursuit. Because of these numerous activities, Catholics often listen to the worst sermons in the world.

Day-to-day activities of the parish priest leave little time for outside community activities. Despite the conviction of non-Catholics that the Church and its clergy mix in politics, it should be asserted that little if any of the political is heard from the Catholic pulpit, and priests stand aloof from politics, be they local or otherwise, in a way that often constitutes a fault. They express no choice of candidates for office. Community movements of political reform find the names of ministers or rabbis endorsing lists of candidates, and their

presence at political rallies. As a general rule, priests do not participate in political affairs. In drives and crusades of a social nature they may be active, the most notable kind being campaigns against indecent movies or literature. On the whole, bishops are most sensitive on the point of their priests having any part in politics.

This is not the attitude of the bishops alone. The Catholic lay people are opposed in an extraordinary degree to political activities on the part of their clergy. During the Presidential campaign of 1928, when Al Smith was the Democratic candidate and his religion was an issue in the campaign, no Catholic from one end of the land to the other heard a word from the pulpit on the burning issue of that campaign or in answer to the fantastic charges against the Catholic candidate. Non-Catholic clergymen are not so muted in the field of politics.

I have even read one Protestant writer who boldly asserted that the political influence of the Church was exercised through the confessional. This is a most ridiculous charge running counter to the experience of every Catholic.

THE INCREASING importance of the laity in the Church throughout the world affords a healthy antidote to the clericalism which marred Church history in other times. This phenomenon has seen the increase of laymen in the mission fields, the movement to revive the lower orders of the clerical life, to foster greater lay participation in the services of the Church, and the development of the secular institutes composed of lay people to carry on the work of apostolic endeavor. The priesthood of the laity has come to have a meaning of real significance. The Catholic Church is a power structure indeed, but primarily a structure of vast spiritual power in which all the faithful have a feeling of participation.

That Catholics hold to certain beliefs that some other Americans do not accept—not on questions of the fundamentals of a democratic regime, but on questions such as education, birth control, euthanasia, sterilization, abortions, or insemination—should not bring into question their loyalty to the United States. The Catholic Church does not regard national boundaries as the limits within which fundamental beliefs are accepted or not accepted.

Because Catholics, by Canon Law and by preference, want religion to play a part in the education of their children does not make them enemies of our public schools. One might just as readily affirm that because a man prefers to send his son to Yale he is an enemy of all the other members of the Ivy League.

The Law of the Church that all parents must see to it that their children get a good Catholic education (and the late Pope Pius XII warned that it must be a *good* education as well as *Catholic*) is not a leaden yoke laid upon parents in this country. Most Catholic parents today complain that the parochial schools are unable to accommodate their children. The parochial schools lack space, not pupils.

Since the belief of Catholics on matters such as insemination, euthanasia, or abortion (other than therapeutic) are still pretty generally shared, one does not find any complaint against the Church. With birth control it is another matter. The complaint is that Catholics seek to impose their views on this question upon an unwilling public. In the democratic process this may be inevitable. If in a referendum I vote on a proposition that infringes upon or involves morals, birth control, prohibition, gambling, boxing, or the like, and I happen to be in the majority, I am, of course, imposing my view on a minority for what I believe to be the greater good. However, whatever might be said for Catholic votes in Massachusetts and Connecticut, it is questionable if a right that is undoubtedly theirs has been used with practical

wisdom. Catholics of these states might ask themselves whether this is not a question on which consciences have to be educated and the force of positive law eliminated.

When the question is asked what Catholics would or should do in the case of government promotion of artificial contraception, one moves from a matter of simple prohibition to a matter of government approval and sanction. Catholics should not be blamed for protesting that this is a grave matter of conscience for them, nor charged with frugal lack of concern for the misery and starvation of people. . . . It would seem that even advocates of artificial contraception as a solution to overpopulation might object to riding roughshod over Catholic consciences and upsetting the good will among citizens so necessary for the stability of political order.

If the law permits in most States the giving of information on birth control, I can see no other way for Catholics than the toleration of giving such information in public institutions. Sources where such information is available will be plentiful enough and there would seem to be no

"The hierarchy speaks with . . . reasoned authority, but no one within the Church trembles or cringes with fear. It is an insult to intelligent Catholics to tell them they are dupes of a devious priesthood"

reason why Catholics should be compelled in their own institutions to violate what is to them a high matter of principle.

If Catholics bow to a situation of which they do not essentially approve, as in the case of giving of contraceptive information, it is not because the majority of people practice it, not even because statistics may show that even some Catholics practice it. Majority votes cannot make an immoral action moral.

Among some non-Catholics a complaint is raised against Catholics because of their rigorous action on divorce. However rigorous the attitude may be, it has not affected the wide choice of bases for divorce in this country, which range all the way from adultery to a passing quarrel at morning breakfast. The number of divorces granted in the United States, as well as the mounting number of cases of juvenile delinquency which have been traced to broken homes, has aroused not only Catholics but non-Catholics as well. It was well along in the present century before one overwhelmingly Protestant State, South Carolina, granted divorces.

Catholics are not unaware of the irritation caused to non-Catholics by the firm position Catholics hold on mixed marriages. Among many Jews the attitude toward mixed marriages resembles that of the Catholic. The Catholic rules on the subject are more definitely spelled out. Such a marriage must be performed before a Catholic priest. And the children of such a marriage must be reared as Catholics. A mixed marriage is not necessarily an unhappy one, but the danger of indifference to all religion in a house built on such foundations is great. The possibility of religious discussion wrecking such a home is ever present.

To the irritation of non-Catholics, Catholics insist upon the full enforcement of adoption laws, which respect the wishes of the deceased parents of orphaned children in the

rearing of the children in the parental faith. It would seem strange indeed that anyone should contest this sacred right and obligation of parents.

A long list of non-Catholic complaints and disagreements with Catholics in domestic affairs could be drawn up. Some of them, such as the fantastic notion that Catholics want to put the Pope in the White House, can be dismissed as psychopathic. However, looking over several selected irritations which have stirred people nationally and internationally, we might first notice the question of gambling. Protestants regard all forms of gambling as morally wrong. Catholics may return the charge, so often thrown their way, that a special group within the community is trying to impose its moral standards on the whole community. Many Catholics do have the feeling that Catholics very often go too far in defense of gambling. Non-Catholics might even be forgiven the error of believing that somehow or other bingo is enshrined in the dogmas of the Church.

PROTESTANTS should remember that their moral concern on gambling has not been traditional. When this was definitely a Protestant country, many enterprises were supported by a lottery, and there was no general objection,—note the fund that went into Harvard University by this method. As a consequence, it seems to many Catholics that the furor and opposition to gambling, particularly in the form of bingo, is as much due to the fact that the Catholic Church uses it as to any other cause.

Non-Catholics, along with many Catholics, regret the absence of Catholics in causes for civic betterment. Crusades for clean literature or morally accepted movies are not the only possible spheres in which Catholics can and should work. Unfortunately, while improvement of the situation has been noticeable, yet the complaint of non-co-operation from Catholics in civic causes has much truth to it.

Non-Catholics frequently complain of inability to establish any kind of effective communication with Catholics. The complaint comes especially from non-Catholic clergy who contend that communication with Catholic priests is almost impossible. Non-Catholics will have to remember that the situation they regret is partly of their own making. Priests are generally forbidden to take part in political action, but the term "political" has very often been so extended that it covers almost every social movement. Non-Catholics often unjustly complain of the political influence of the Catholic clergy; the latter, therefore, are most careful to give no cause for the charge. Priests will be most careful in avoiding entanglements in politics, but co-operation in broad matters of social reform and the promotion of improved interfaith relations would be welcomed by people generally.

How about the Catholic vote on public school bond issues? It is not easy to get voting statistics on any group, and perhaps it is true that in some places Catholics have voted against such propositions. At the same time, one must remember that the tendency of the American public to favor bond issues is never enthusiastic. But to say that Catholics habitually vote against public school bond propositions could in no sense be justified. One only has to look around, particularly in the communities in the North, and see the rate of public school construction to realize that no group is carrying on a filibuster against this worthy enterprise. It would be altogether unreasonable for Catholics, over 50 per cent of whose children attend public schools, to undermine the possibility of these children receiving a decent education.

Many fears which non-Catholics entertain toward their Catholic fellow citizens in the United States may be grouped under the general heading of the political. When waves of

immigration from abroad hit these shores many years ago, the control of American politics lay securely in the hands of native Americans. It may be difficult for people today to realize that even Tammany Hall in its early days was not only composed of the older stock, but definitely inclined to be anti-Catholic. While Catholic Germans moved generally to the farms, the Irish remained in the cities. There they learned their politics from the native Americans and the latter made full use of their voting power. Barred from positions of prestige and preferment, the Irish took the one path to wealth and recognition—politics.

From 1870 to 1900 the general moral tone of American business, professional, and political life hit its lowest point. The higher echelons of American society frequently made great fortunes by grand larceny and the lower ranks made smaller fortunes by petty larceny. The guilt did not follow religious lines. New York City reached its lowest depths under Tweed, who was not a Catholic. The machine leadership in most of the cities was not Catholic. This is not said to disparage non-Catholics in any way but to disabuse the minds of some people of the belief that Catholics were largely responsible for machines and machine government in our cities.

What of the voting habits of Catholics? Political scientists know that the ordinary conception of bloc voting is a myth, whether one thinks of labor, the farmers, or religious groups. Because the Catholic population has been for years an urban population, it has been Democratic, reflecting the views of most urbanites. In recent years, with the movement of Catholics to the suburbs, there has been a stronger trend to the Republican Party. Elmo Roper, a public opinion analyst, calls attention to the wide diversity of nationality among Catholics and concludes: "Catholics are liberals—and they are conservative. Catholics belong to labor unions—and Catholics are unhappy about labor unions. Catholics are Republican—and they are Democratic. . . . It seems to surprise some people that Catholics are people."

WHILE MANY non-Catholics have lived under Catholic officials, mayors, and governors, and have even supported them, they are most hesitant when the question arises of a Catholic in the office of President of the United States. Many non-Catholics genuinely believe that a Catholic President could not serve the country according to its laws and traditions. Robert Michaelson, writing in *Christian Century* (Feb. 3, 1960), gives us one reason for non-Catholic opposition. He says that the President has become a symbol or image of America. He represents not only what the country is, but its host of traditions and customs. These traditions the non-Catholic thinks of as Protestant. The President, if he is not a Church member, is expected to join a Protestant Church and to worship there with more or less regularity. The non-Catholic is not happy with the vision of a President who would go to Mass and would attend to his obligations as a Catholic. The non-Catholic's idea of what symbolizes America today may be wrong, and no doubt it would be better for all if he conceived that symbol as representing the world's greatest experiment of people of all faiths and nationalities living together in peace.

It is well that Catholics consider seriously the fears which non-Catholics have and then move in whatever direction they can to eliminate these fears. At the same time there is no gain if each group tries to be sweet and polite simply for the sake of avoiding arguments. Mature people can be frank without being hurt. There will always remain some fears and many disagreements. The main problem is always to maintain mutual respect and to govern our relations in a spirit of charity and understanding.



PORTFOLIO OF 15 AMERICAN CATHOLICS

For a Catholic to take part in the civic life of his country is as natural as breathing. Almost two thousand years ago, St. Peter pointed out that a Christian owes allegiance and loyalty and service to the nation which nurtures his temporal needs and which seeks, through its government, to preserve that condition of order and tranquillity under which the human being can best pursue his great destiny. Here in America, Catholics have been contributing to the common good ever since the first two boatloads of them landed on the shores of Maryland in 1634. Today the followers of the Faith active in our nation's social and economic and cultural affairs are so numerous that it would take far more space than is at our disposal to list them all. Those you will meet in the succeeding pages are only a few of the Catholic men and women whose outstanding efforts have placed them in the mainstream of American life.



SECRETARY OF LABOR JAMES P. MITCHELL



GEN. ALFRED M. GRUENTHER



JUSTICE WILLIAM J. BRENNAN

MITCHELL . . . When James Paul Mitchell accepted the labor portfolio in the Eisenhower cabinet in 1953, he put himself on the spot. For one thing, as vice-president on leave from a New York department store, he was the first labor secretary to come from Big Business. For another, he was succeeding the late Martin Durkin, a beloved labor leader who had recently resigned under circumstances which had the spokesmen for Big Labor breathing fire. That Mitchell was equal to the occasion is now admitted—privately, to be sure—by many of those same spokesmen. A hulking six-footer, shrewd, thoughtful and likable, Mitchell has pursued his tasks with a balanced regard for the interests of labor, management, and public. A key to the thinking which has illuminated his activities is his statement of 1954 that "Good industrial relations cannot be created by laws. At best the Government can only provide the framework in which labor and management operate. Employers and employees themselves must develop better relationships at the plant level and settle their own differences without dictation from Washington. The Government's sole interest is that of protecting the public." Mitchell, his wife and daughter live quietly in Washington.

GRUENTHER . . . General Alfred Maximilian Gruenther—who has been president of the American Red Cross since shortly after his retirement from the army in 1956—likes to recall how as a twenty-year-old youth from Platte Center, Nebraska, he entered West Point in 1919 rather reluctantly, "to make my father happy." It was the beginning of a career which was to bring to the affable and unassuming soldier the sobriquet of "brain of the army." As chief of staff first to Eisenhower and later to Lieutenant-General Mark W. Clark, Gruenther assembled the necessary information and issued the necessary orders in connection with most of the crucial military decisions in the European theater during World War II. Subsequent to the war he played a major role in setting up the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington and from 1953 to 1956 was Supreme Allied Commander in Europe. Gruenther's military accomplishments notwithstanding, he cannot be accused of a one-track mind. In another field, that of contract bridge, he is even better known to a greater number of people. Thanks to his efficient conduct of famous tournaments and his authorship of a standard text, the General is loved by the warriors of the table as the "Judge Landis of Contract Bridge." A Knight of the Order of Malta, Gruenther is father of two army-officer sons.

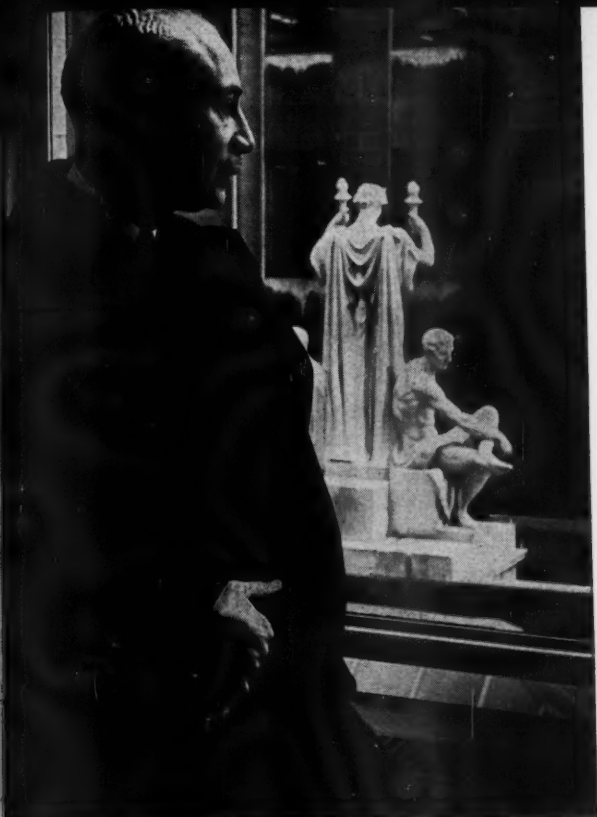
BRENNAN . . . Long before the elevation of William Joseph Brennan to the Supreme Court in 1956 brought his name into the headlines, he was a well-known and highly respected figure in legal circles. As a member of several New Jersey state courts, Brennan wrote almost a thousand opinions and dissents, including one in which he supported separation of Church and State in a case involving the distribution of Bibles by a public school in connection with the activities of the Gideon Society. He was also instrumental in instituting New Jersey's "pretrial conference system," under which each side in a legal action is permitted to examine the other's case for the purpose of isolating the true issues and speeding justice. "Delayed justice," Associate Justice Brennan has observed, "is bad justice, for time has a way of blurring memories and killing witnesses." Member of the Holy Name Society, married—he and Mrs. Brennan are the parents of two sons, one daughter—Justice Brennan is fifty-four, stocky, and young-looking. He is known as a convivial host and talented story-teller. He likes to golf and read—"anything," he says, "from whodunits to Plato."

STEVENS . . . A heartening bit of history was made in 1958 when Harold Arnoldus Stevens became the first Negro to be named to the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court, the state's second-highest judiciary. The appointment was favorably received among members of the legal profession. "Every lawyer I've ever heard mention Judge Stevens," commented a veteran attorney, "says the same thing: He's a perfect judge, wise, restrained, and judicious." Studious, with a mild manner cloaking a fighting spirit, Judge Stevens is a memorable conversationalist. A touch of humor runs through his assertion that in hailing the Supreme Court school-integration decision as a "momentous reversal" the press was guilty of a slight exaggeration. "Momentous, yes," the Judge concedes. But a reversal? Not exactly. The high bench had been "edging" toward the 1954 decision. Judge Stevens and his wife are converts.

LUCE . . . Free from political commitments for the time being, Clare Boothe Luce is currently devoting all of her energies to what she calls her "first love," which is writing. In addition to a monthly column for *McCall's* and other magazine assignments, she is doing the preliminary work on ideas for half a dozen books, one of them on skin diving. Definitely in the works is an autobiography, the appearance of which should be a publishing event since this beautiful and gifted woman has had an amazing career, or more exactly a series of careers. A successful magazine editor, newspaper columnist, lecturer, and book-author in the early 1930's, Mrs. Luce moved on to achieve acclaim in the exacting field of playwriting and from that to political life, first as a congresswoman and then as U.S. ambassador to Italy from 1953 to 1957. Subsequently appointed ambassador to Brazil and confirmed by the Senate, Mrs. Luce resigned before assuming the post, convinced that a personal attack on her by Senator Wayne Morse had destroyed her potential effectiveness. Twice married—to the late George Tuttle Brokaw in 1923, later to Henry Robinson Luce, the publishing magnate—Mrs. Luce still evidences the loss created by the death, in 1944, of her only daughter.

DOOLEY . . . No one could have been much surprised when a recent Gallup poll revealed thirty-three-year-old Dr. Thomas Anthony Dooley III to be "one of the ten most admired men in the world." In 1954, as a U.S. Navy doctor, Dooley and a few assistants built and maintained the huge refugee camps through which passed 610,000 Vietnamese fleeing the advancing Communist armies after the fall of Dienbienphu. Not only did Dr. Dooley help care for and feed and provide sanitary facilities for these bewildered people; to him also fell the task of counteracting Communist-spread lies about Americans—a task accomplished so well that Admiral Arleigh Burke, chief of U.S. Naval Operations, declared that the young physician had "won for America the love and admiration of thousands and thousands of refugees." In 1956, after a spell of writing and lecturing in the United States, Dr. Dooley resigned from the Navy to return to Southeast Asia with three assistants to set up a village hospital in Laos. In 1959, with Dr. Peter D. Comanduras, he founded a private, non-profit volunteer organization called MEDICO for the purpose of installing clinics staffed with American doctors in undeveloped countries. Today MEDICO has nine service programs.

MCCARTHY . . . The fact that Eugene J. McCarthy of Minnesota had been sitting in the United States Senate for only eight months when he was named chairman of an important special committee is widely regarded in Washington as indicating that his colleagues already view the former college professor as a law-maker of statesmanship stature. McCarthy's nine-man committee, instructed to survey America's unemployment problems, turned in a report which was almost universally praised as a careful research job free of political bias and immediately made the basis of several pieces of pending legislation. The material welfare of the people is McCarthy's prime concern. During his eight years in the lower house prior to his election to the Senate in 1958, he became known for his liberal voting record and his opposition to "intrusion by the state into areas of culture and the private and social life of its citizens"—a position which, McCarthy, a Democrat, explains by pointing out that in the material realm the government has serious obligations to the citizenry but that in "matters of religion and morality" the government's principal obligation is to keep its hands off.



JUDGE HAROLD A. STEVENS



CLARE BOOTHE LUCE



DR. THOMAS A. DOOLEY

SENATOR EUGENE J. McCARTHY





PHYLLIS MCGINLEY



ROBERT D. MURPHY

PERRY COMO



FATHER THEODORE M. HESBURGH



McGINLEY . . . Many American poets are praised and left unread, but Phyllis McGinley is both praised and read, a fact that must be gratifying to a lady whose more than 600 published poems are the work of a craftsman who would not dream of letting so much as a line see the light of day without first polishing it to a gem-like fineness. Although Miss McGinley has written musical comedy lyrics for Broadway, narration for Hollywood, tales for children, and essays for national periodicals, her forte is light verse—but her verse is “light” only in the sense of being translucent; her easily read lines carry a burden of thought, a wealth of insights into the blights and blessings of city and suburban life. Miss McGinley does her writing wherever, as she puts it, she can find a “flat, horizontal space” in the early Victorian home near New York City where she lives with her husband, Charles Hayden, and their two daughters.

MURPHY . . . The son of a railroad section hand, Robert Daniel Murphy began his adult life as a postoffice clerk, rapidly worked his way up to consular clerk in the American Legation at Bern, Switzerland, and now at the age of sixty-six can look back on a spectacular career as America’s foremost diplomatic “trouble shooter.” As our chargé d’affaires at Vichy during World War II, Murphy assumed the role of secret agent and played with the Nazi agents a complicated cat-and-mouse game that paved the way for the Allied landings in North Africa. As our political adviser for Germany after the war, he became a symbol of friendship and hope to the hard-pressed citizens of Berlin during the trying days of the airlift. In 1958, with the aid of a British diplomat, he succeeded in settling the explosive differences between France and Tunisia, brought on by the bombing of a Tunisian village by French aircraft. Holder of the rank of Career Ambassador, Murphy recently resigned as Under Secretary of State and entered business. He has been described by President Eisenhower as “affable, friendly, exceedingly shrewd.” Married since 1921 and the father of two daughters, the tall and reddish-haired globe-trotter golfs, sails, enjoys playing poker.

COMO . . . The hullabaloo last year over Perry Como’s receipt of \$25 million for two years of weekly hour-long TV shows for Kraft Foods was regarded in the entertainment world as good publicity but bad history. The costs Como must personally pay out of his earnings are enormous and the actual figure is authoritatively reported as closer to \$23,400,000. Even so Perry Como, one of the all-time singing greats of show business, is a rich man—rich, as he himself phrases it, “in the things money can’t buy.” Known as “Mr. Nice Guy,” Perry conducts his life accordingly. The only three things that count with him, or ever have, are his family, his religion, and his work. His family consists of his wife, Roselle, whom he met at a wiener roast sometime prior to their marriage 27 years ago; his son, Ronnie, a student at Notre Dame, and his adopted children, Terri and David. Careful planning and hard labor have made the seventh of the thirteen children of an Italian family a popular entertainer.

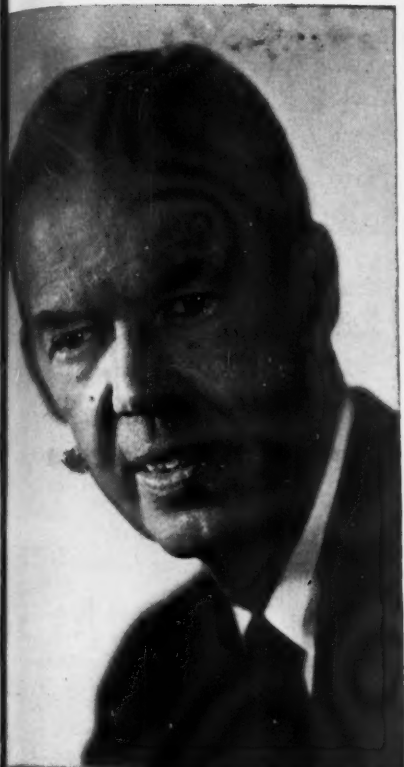
HESBURGH . . . “Anyone today with a sense of our times cannot miss the advances and challenges of modern science, and anyone with a sense of the history of Western man cannot ignore the riches of inspiration, moral enlightenment, human dignity and destiny that have been derived primarily from theology. Here are two strengths that can obviously be more meaningful to America, and to man generally, if they are working together, each in its own way, for the good of mankind, and not at cross purposes.” These words, spoken recently by Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., president of the University of Notre Dame since 1952, are representative of the long thought and hard work Father Hesburgh has given to spreading his firm conviction that the time has come for science and religion to patch up their old quarrel and work together for a better world. Father Hesburgh practices what he preaches. In addition to the duties involved in administering a fast-growing university with a faculty of 483 scholars and artists and a student body of 6,300 young men, he is a member of the National Science Board and permanent Vatican City representative to the International Atomic Energy Agency. Young—only forty-three—energetic, a compelling and original thinker, Father Hesburgh is also a member by Presidential appointment of the Civil Rights Commission and author of two books.

MURRAY . . . Back in the 1930's, Thomas Edward Murray became a household name to New Yorkers who grew accustomed to seeing it at the bottom of reports-of-progress and notes-of-cheer pasted to the walls of the cars of the Interborough Rapid Transit system. Taking over the bankrupt subway as receiver in 1932, Murray reduced its operating deficit and tided the system over several labor crises until it was taken over by the city in 1940. Ten years later, he returned to public life full-time, giving up four lucrative jobs, including directorship in his own manufacturing company and in Chrysler Corporation, to assume a \$15,000-a-year position as a member of the Atomic Energy Commission. Since then, his working headquarters have been Washington, where he now acts as consultant to the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. A mechanical engineer, Murray holds honorary degrees from twenty-one American institutions of higher learning. An inventor, he is the possessor of over 200 patents, among them a device so important to our military effort in World War II that it won for its creator a citation for distinguished service. Seventy-year-old Murray and his wife have a family of four daughters and seven sons, two of whom are Jesuit priests.

MEANY . . . It has been said of George Meany, president of the combined AFL-CIO (American Federation of Labor-Congress of Industrial Organizations) that the "secret of his effectiveness in any situation is his appetite for acquiring every bit of relevant information." To this may be added a frequently demonstrated willingness to evaluate the needs and ambitions of American labor in the light of the needs and ambitions of the American public. He fought the Taft-Hartley law, but after its passage he let it be known that labor leaders should sign the non-Communist affidavits which it required. Son of a Bronx plumber and himself a plumber by trade, Meany has been dominant in both American and international labor circles since he invaded the higher echelons of labor by becoming president of the New York State Federation in 1934. Married since 1919 and the father of two married daughters, Meany enjoys reading and listening to music and although he is generally conservative in his dress Meany has a frequently commented on penchant for pearl-gray or cocoa-brown vests.

HORGAN . . . Paul Horgan is that rarity in the American literary world, a rounded man of letters who has refused to settle for one type of writing, eschewing all others. His major contribution to history, *Great River: The Rio Grande in North American History* (1954), won him in 1955 both the Pulitzer and Bancroft prizes for history. He has authored a score of short stories, many of them now available in "best-story" anthologies; a spate of novels, the most recent of which is the best-selling *A Distant Trumpet*; and the book and lyrics of an opera. His *One Red Rose for Christmas*, televised annually on a national network, has found a place in the affections of the public alongside such classics of this genre as Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. A librarian and educator as well as a writer, Horgan has lectured in the Graduate School of the University of Iowa, served as a Fellow of the Center for Advanced Study at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. Born in Buffalo, N. Y., but reared in the Southwest, the locale of many of his works, fifty-seven-year-old Horgan gives his warm affections to two "home towns"—Roswell and Santa Fe, New Mexico.

FORD . . . Working in a silo-turned-studio on her 260-acre farm next door to Regina Laudis abbey (Benedictine contemplative nuns) in Bethlehem, Connecticut, sixty-nine-year-old Lauren Ford has long been a pace-setter in that development which is striving to bring to modern religious art the spirituality of the Middle Ages combined with the homely simplicity of so much of life today. In Miss Ford's paintings and drawings, the boy Christ is often seen in overalls, His Blessed Mother in a prim New England frock, his saintly foster-father in mackinaw or woolly coat. When Miss Ford is asked why it is that her denim-garbed Jesus looks "all pure and kingly" and His plainly dressed Mother "like a Heavenly soul," her answer is that an artist can usually achieve these effects when he tries to "think about our Lord all the time." Some of her paintings are in the Metropolitan and other national museums; the children's books she has written and illustrated on the shelves of public libraries. A convert as the result of an intense religious experience years ago, Miss Ford is a Benedictine tertiary. Unmarried, she adopted one girl and brought up two others.



THOMAS E. MURRAY



GEORGE MEANY

LAUREN FORD



PAUL HORGAN

■ She sat on the porch, sewing. The porch opened off the living room of the white, frame, Nyack house and gave a picture-book view, down across a sloping garden, of the Hudson River below. Helen Hayes put down her sewing. She sat with her face tilted a little to the side. It was a famous face, as instantly familiar as your own mother's, yet the brown-gray hair was pulled back from it in plain, housewife fashion, and the cotton dress she wore might have come from Macy's. Her feet, tucked under the chair, sported a pair of comfortable, old, tennis shoes. She looked down at her sewing—new, summer curtains for the guest room—then let her eyes rest on the river.

"I've found out this much," she said, after a moment, her voice summoning images of the other person she is—a great actress, "—God never does the shutting out. We do it ourselves. We close the windows and shut the doors . . . and, even then, God finds a way back in . . ."

The porch was pleasantly shaded from the May sunshine, its quiet broken only by the twitter of birds and the steady splash of a fountain in the garden. It had been a busy winter for Helen Hayes. She had made a dozen television appearances (twice as a nun), acted in *The Cherry Orchard* in Palm Beach, traveled the country in behalf of numerous charity appeals, visited old friends—among them, Sister Madaleva of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame—and continued her regular work for the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, of which she is a board member. A free day such as this one was rare and welcome, yet she was sacrificing it to talk about a subject kept private until now: the steps—some painful, others joyous—that led her back to the church of her birth.

"Three years ago," she said, taking up her sewing, as if busy hands would help the telling of it, "I stood outside a Catholic church in New York City, trying to get up the courage to go inside to confession. The night was very cold, I remember—it was February—and I had a warm, fur muff with me. Inside the muff, my hands were like ice. I wasn't able to move my feet up the church steps. I turned away, finally, and started walking around the block. I had a rosary in my muff; I kept reciting it, over and over. I must have circled that church block twenty times and whispered I don't know how many Hail Mary's for courage. I had failed God badly once; I wanted to be sure I wouldn't fail Him again. Over and over, I circled the block. *'How have I found my way here?'* I kept asking myself. *'How has it happened?'* I thought of the events of my life. The death of my daughter, Mary; my husband Charlie's death—there were many answers, but no single answer. It wasn't fear of God, or contrition, though I'd begun to feel sorrow for offending God the day I left the Church. *But what had brought me back?'*"

The answer, Helen Hayes believes now, lay in all of the things she thought of that February night, and in none of them. Ultimately, it lay in something beyond answers: God's grace, given her over the years, guiding her—sometimes by means of tragedy—unerringly back.

Sitting on her Nyack porch (her house is much like the other friendly, rambling houses on the block, except for a wall which gives it more privacy), she looked back at the past, juggling the years around, trying to pull the tangled skeins together, so that a clear line would emerge.

In the beginning, two worlds made up her life—a make-believe world and the world of the Catholic Church. She was born, October 10, 1900, in Washington, D.C. (it isn't often remembered that she is Southern; her accent, as she talked, still held lingering traces of it), and baptized Helen Hayes Brown at the parish church. Both parents were Irish. Hayes was her mother's name; the Brown was dropped to shorten Helen's name for the theater. She was an only child, which is how the make-believe world began

RETURN

Helen Hayes'
Story

BY ARTHUR CAVANAUGH

for her. With no brothers or sisters to play with, she used to dress up before a mirror and pretend to be Snow White or a Fairy Princess. "Those little pretend games of mine," she will tell you, "are what made Mama decide I was cut out to be an actress. How quickly I became one! At six, I was acting professionally with the Columbia Stock Company in Washington. How quickly it became my world!"

There was another world, however, which existed side by side with the other: the world of parish churches and Sunday Mass, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and a little girl lighting candles or kneeling quietly in a dark pew. This other world grew stronger for Helen Hayes when, at six, she became a pupil at Holy Cross Convent School. "It made me feel," she recalls, "that being a Catholic was a wondrous thing." The nuns, the columns of little girls filing into chapel, the hum of prayers—"It made me feel safe and protected, as if nothing could harm me. It made me feel that I truly belonged to God and that He watched over me . . ."

When she was seven years old, Helen Hayes climbed on board a train for New York with her mother. It was summer and they were setting out, the two of them, to look for an acting job on Broadway for Helen. When the train pulled out of the station, it carried her away from home, her father and grandmother, family life—and from the nuns and convent school, too. She was leaving for only a few weeks, she thought. In a certain sense, it was to be forever.

Two months later—in the fall of 1908—she made her Broadway debut at the Herald Square Theatre, in a Weber & Fields operetta, *Old Dutch*. She remembers that first opening night vividly. The curtain sweeping down, Lew Fields leading her on stage for a bow, the applause crashing over the footlights, and afterward, climbing the iron stairs to her dressing cubicle at the top, tired but reeling from excitement.

The pattern of the future was set that night; those iron backstage stairs were to wind through the rest of her life, set amidst painted scenery and colored spotlights.

As this new life started, the other world she had known was given back to her. She was enrolled as a pupil at the Dominican Academy on East Sixty-eighth Street in New York. There they were again, the nuns and the little girls

Broadway's Helen Hayes, posed in center of Times Square by Arnold Newman, *Holiday Magazine* © Curtis Publishing Co.

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—it was like finding something she thought she had lost.

"The nuns," she says, "taught me to see God as loving and fatherly. They taught me my catechism. 'These are God's rules,' they told me. 'Follow them and He will always protect You.'"

When she had to leave the Academy—she was going on tour with John Drew in her second Broadway play, *The Prodigal Husband*—the nuns gave her farewell gifts of holy cards, a prayer book, and a rosary. 'Pray to God,' they told her. 'Keep Him with you.'

In every dressing room of that tour, onto the frame of every dressing-table mirror, Helen Hayes tacked her holy cards. She said her night prayers in swaying pullman cars and kneeling on the floors of strange hotel rooms. On Sundays, in all the strange towns, she rose early with her mother and searched out a Catholic church to attend Mass at.

THE ROAD TOURS accumulated, one after another. The list of plays grew. Rehearsals, tryouts, opening nights crowded her life, pushing out nearly everything else, until a night came when her name was spelled out in lights over a theater, making her a star. Then, after that, came the slow knowledge that what she had was exciting and challenging, but not a real life at all . . .

A maid came onto the porch with a tray of sandwiches and iced tea.

"Thank you, Kathleen," Helen Hayes said, her hands moving to the plates and frosty glasses. The bright, afternoon sun was starting to fade. Shadows edged the garden. Down at the river, a white, Hudson Day Line excursion steamer prowed into view and glided by, cutting a ribbon of white in the water. The buildings and houses of Tarrytown climbed the hills of the opposite shore, with the span of the Tappan Zee bridge against the sky.

Helen Hayes served the iced tea and extended the plate of sandwiches. "Would you prefer beer?" she asked. She laughed. "I bet you would." Behind her, the house stirred with sounds—cooking in the kitchen, a vacuum cleaner drooling upstairs, a phone ringing, steps hurrying to answer it. She got up from the porch table, turned, and looked at her house, where she has lived for almost thirty years. A few years back, she had bought another house in Cuernavaca, Mexico, with a plan of eventually living there in retirement. That second house hadn't seen very much of her. This was her home, the first real home she had ever known; this was where she headed, at the end of trips and tours; this was where her real life had been.

"*Bab* was the name of the play I became a star in," she said, coming back to the table. She sat down again. "I was twenty years old. I went to the theater for opening night, and there my name was, up in lights. Whatever success I've had, so much of it has been due to the kindness of others. There was always someone to say, 'Let me do this for you. I'd like to help you.' Part of it was plain luck, too. The right play coming along, like *What Every Woman Knows*, which was supposed to be a summer fill-in and ran nearly two years, my first, big, personal success; or *Victoria Regina*, which I almost turned down. I had four whole years of playing *Victoria*. I got to feeling that I soon wouldn't need old-age make-up for that last scene when she's wheeled on. My daughter, Mary, made her acting debut in *Victoria*, you know. Just for one performance, as a birthday gift, playing one of the grandchildren."

She spoke her daughter's name simply, and with a smile,

but what you noticed was the way she raised her head and kept it held high.

In the summer of 1949, nineteen-year-old Mary MacArthur, who had decided that she, too, would be an actress, was touring the summer-stock theaters with her mother in a play, *Good Housekeeping*, written expressly for them. Mother and daughter were together every day of that summer, until a Saturday night in September. The play closed an engagement at the Westport Playhouse in Connecticut. Instead of leaving with her mother, Mary MacArthur stayed behind in Westport for the night. She was tired and apparently developing a cold. The next day, Sunday, she phoned her mother in New York, sounding frightened. She wasn't feeling any better; she felt, in fact, much worse. She was driven to New York; her mother put her to bed. By Monday, she wasn't able to move her head—her neck felt stiff. On Tuesday, she was taken to Lenox Hill Hospital; that night she was placed in an iron lung. By Saturday, she was dead of poliomyelitis.

"If someone had asked me," Helen Hayes said of it, "What is the very worst thing that could happen to you?" I would have answered—why, to lose my children, of course. To lose Mary or Jim, whom we adopted as a baby. So, there it was, the worst thing happening, quick and sudden, all in a few days' time. There was a church across the street from Lenox Hill Hospital. I used to go there, while we were waiting out the terrible hours. Charlie, my husband, went with me but always stayed at the back. The way he stood there, as if he had no right to enter, tore at my heart. I felt I was the one who had no right to God's altar. Charlie had renounced nothing to marry me. I had done the renouncing. To marry him, I had left my church."

IT HAD happened in 1928. Helen Hayes' name was shining in larger, Broadway lights by then. She was a star but a conspicuously unglamorous one. She didn't wear elegant clothes and wasn't able to affect a grand manner. Instead of arriving in a limousine at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, where she was playing in *Coquette*, she got there by foot, in an old coat and plain, comfortable, walking shoes. On her way to the theater every night, she often stopped for a visit at Holy Innocents Church, which, because it was in the theater district, was then known as the actor's church. The lessons of the nuns had stayed with her—or so she thought, until a night in August, when she paid what she considered a last visit to Holy Innocents.

"Sometimes, our actions, the things we end up doing," she says of it now, "are often the greatest shock to ourselves. We do what we're sure we will never do. Maybe it comes about because we get to trusting ourselves too much instead of God."

Faithfulness is a trait of Helen Hayes. She has remained faithful to her family, her friends, the people who have worked for her, the causes she undertook to serve. She believed that, for all of her life, she would be faithful to her church.

On that August night in 1928 when she stopped for a visit at Holy Innocents, she knew that, tomorrow, she would not be back. She would have no right to further visits. Tomorrow, she was marrying Charlie. He was divorced; there was no way to marry him in the Church. Not to marry him, she felt, was beyond her strength.

"I loved Charlie," she says, "from the first day, the first moment, I met him. I'd been . . . just an actress . . . then Charlie came along and I wanted to be more. It seemed, all at once, that I had no life. I wanted to be a wife and mother, I wanted to make a home for Charlie and give him children. When it came to a decision, I didn't feel strong

ARTHUR CAVANAUGH is a New York writer, editor, and TV playwright. His articles have appeared in several national magazines.

(Continued on page 67)

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WOMAN to WOMAN

BY KATHERINE BURTON

Our Freedom

Many years ago, when Catholics were just emerging on the national scene, the convert Isaac Hecker, founder of the Paulists, said that a Catholic can be a good American, just as an American can be a good Catholic. He said it at a time when distrust was high and chiefly against the Irish immigrants. It is also true that no one was very tactful. There were several things against the newcomers to our shores: they were poor and not one of them had gone to Harvard.

Many settled in the large cities because they had no money to go farther. Soon after, others came, from Germany and Italy chiefly, some in sheer need of a livelihood, some for escape from tyranny. They lived and, in the main, were let live. Some of the descendants of these various nationalities remained poor or became fairly well off. Some became rich. Many went to Harvard.

From the nations of the old world, the newcomers brought love of the old lands with them, as was reasonable. But there still remains the fact that they all came here to get away from there and that they all found, to a greater or less degree, what they came for, and they became part of the experiment that is like no other in the world—the experiment of freedom.

It would be all but impossible to write a social history of this country, but the key word which built the arch of the whole huge structure is freedom. Obscured by hate, by selfishness, the purpose as stated in the beginning is still there. Many things have changed through the years, but freedom remains the basis of our citizenship.

Freedom Under God

Today, much of our voiced and acted expression of patriotism has gone underground. We tend to consider as counterfeited the celebrations of Independence Day we used to have. But surely we should make a much bigger fuss over it than we do when we watch freedom retreating in some lands or see it coming to birth in others. America's Fourth of July surely deserves as good a celebration as May 1 in Russia. Our day marks the beginning of the first nation which ever accepted freedom in a big way—completely. If, as time went on, certain things had to be added to the Constitution, they were, in the Bill of Rights. And each addition was some expression of our increased understanding of freedom for our citizens.

To a great extent, our country was built up under a Christian influence, and that means respect for life. It would be impossible, for instance, to imagine anyone in this country walking past a dying or dead child on a public street; in the East, it is a commonplace.

We are criticized today for our attitude toward the Negro in this country, or in parts of it, but that is only an attitude, not a law. We are basically a lawful country—if not immediately, yet in the end. The Negro has the law on his side—and again because freedom forms our base. The very word can be misapplied, can be used badly by charlatans and by honest people too, but it remains the law. We have always gone forward from the Constitution, never lapsed from that

promised freedom nor from the fact that we have been integrated from people to whom freedom really meant something—perhaps everything.

We are accused by old-world lands of being naïve, but it seems to me we are quite hard-headed, too, but in an idealistic sort of way. For one thing, we have no Communists sitting in our Congress. In Italy and France and other countries, they sit as a party. They are outlaws here. Is that childish or naïve? We do have an odd sort of humility about us; essentially we are deeply humble, and I think it a fine quality.

I would not call it naïveté so much as spiritual democracy that we have. It is well expressed in the statement "this country founded under God."

The Fourth of July

I think this Independence Day we should begin again to show what we really are—a patriotic people. Put out the flags, more and more of them. For good or ill, fireworks are all but gone, but we can revive the parade and the patriotic talks and hark back to the days when everyone gathered to sing the "Star-Spangled Banner." Even if they miss those few high notes, let them sing, and the last stanza too, for that is the clincher. At the end we do not ask if the flag is still there. We sing:

"And the star spangled banner in triumph *shall* wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

We are free and we are brave, and let us say so. At the same time, we might give a hand to those who are escaping from lands that are prisons and coming here. Facilitate their coming. Make them welcome. It is fine for Liberty to lift her torch as they come into the harbor, but from then on it is up to the rest of us to make them at home. A Latvian boy came in last week from a life in a refugee camp, the millionth immigrant settled here in a twelve year period. "God bless you," he said to the cameras—rehearsed words perhaps, but the right ones. Ten years ago, the 150,000th came in, a frightened girl of twelve, also from Latvia. Today, after topping her high-school honor roll, she has won a four-year college scholarship. "I'm European still in some ways—but this is my home," she said.

Some of these people come alone and with memories of bitterness not far behind them. Why not seek them out and entertain them in our homes on this, our proudest day?

Bishop Hughes, born and living in Ireland until he was twenty, was heartbroken when the Civil War brought this country into war—"the one country to which I owe allegiance," he said. He loved the country from which he came, as we all have a right to do, but America was his home as it is ours and as it will be to those who are coming from lands where freedom is lost.

So, on this Fourth of July, read the Declaration of Independence to your children—and to yourself. Put out the flag and keep it high, for, as Bishop Hughes, one of the greatest Catholics who ever became an American citizen, said, this is the one country to which you owe allegiance. And never forget, too, that it was established "under God."

★ *The Play of the Year*



Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke offer superb performances in "The Miracle Worker," season's best play

STAGE AND SCREEN

BY JERRY COTTER

THE theatrical season just ended has been described in terms ranging from "disappointing" to "disastrous." For the most part, such lack of enthusiasm is well deserved, for the 1959-1960 semester has proved unbelievably dull and almost barren of excitement and artistic triumph.

There have been a few hits, and there have been some excellent plays, but so few as to be an almost negligible factor in the over-all picture. Explanations and excuses for the sad plight of the legitimate theater range all the way from the economic to the undeniable fact that our playwrights have been penning a symphony of pessimism, doom, and nihilism.

The lack of hope, the failure to recognize the nobility in man's nature, and the almost complete lack of interest in, or reverence for, the Deity have characterized so many recent theater offerings that it is small wonder we find such widespread public apathy toward the spoken drama. Cynicism is perhaps the greatest fault of the modern playwright, and until the theater makes a sharp U-turn in the road, there is little likelihood that the public will storm the wickets, except in the case of the flashier musical hits.

No season is completely without merit, however, and '59-'60 did provide some truly rewarding moments. Musically, there were four outstanding productions: *The Sound of Music*, with Mary Martin, the Trapp story, and a Rodgers-Hammerstein score as lures; *Fiorello*, an explosive, lively, and lyrical recap of the early LaGuardia career; *Take Me Along*, which blended Eugene O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!*, Jackie Gleason, and large slices of nostalgia into one robust package; and *Bye, Bye, Birdie*, a hilarious spoof aimed at a singing idol's last hours before his induction into the Army.

Comedy was sparse on Broadway this season, with *A Thurber Carnival* alone in the field. This collection of bits and pieces from the humorist's writings benefits considerably from the droll interpretations of Tom Ewell, Peggy Cass, John McGiver, and Paul Ford.

In its serious moments, the season ranged for material from Shakespeare to Gore Vidal and from exorcism to a Civil War military trial. *The Andersonville Trial*, based on an actual case from the Army archives; *The Tenth Man*, in which ancient rituals of exorcism are revived in a modern synagogue; *The Best Man*, a timely, controversial, and brittle probe of backstage maneuvers at a political convention; and the Phoenix Theatre presentations of *Henry IV, Parts I and II*, proved to be the most stimulating and effective of the season's second-best dramas.

Best on the list was **THE MIRACLE WORKER**, an inspiring play based on the relationship between the child Helen Keller and the young teacher Annie Sullivan, who undertook the tremendous task of bringing knowledge and speech to the rebellious, blind-deaf-dumb girl. The impact of the play was heightened by the superb performances of Anne Bancroft, as the dedicated teacher, and little Patty Duke, as the child destined to win an awesome victory. *The Miracle Worker* compensates for many of the season's catastrophes, with author William Gibson and director Arthur Penn sharing the laurels.

In addition to the players already mentioned, we should not overlook the contributions of Melvyn Douglas, Frank Lovejoy, and Lee Tracy (*The Best Man*); Tom Bosley (*Fiorello*); George C. Scott (*The Andersonville Trial*); Theodore Bikel (*The Sound of Music*); Maureen O'Hara (*Christine*); Rex Harrison and Roddy McDowall (*The Fighting Cock*); Vivien Leigh and Mary Ure (*Duel of Angels*); Jessica Tandy (*Five Finger Exercise*); Claude Dauphin (*The Deadly Game*); the group performance in *Henry IV*; and the outrageously funny posturing of Eileen Brennan in the title role of *Little Mary Sunshine*, the brightest fixture of the off-Broadway season.

The New Plays

The off-Broadway arena continues to be a proving ground for ideas and plays which would not ordinarily find commercial sponsorship. As such, the countless little theaters which now dot the New York scene have proved invaluable as a training ground and an outlet for writing talent and, occasionally, in providing worthwhile entertainment. This latter function is fulfilled most admirably in the recent presentation of **THE FANTASTICKS**, based on a Rostand play, and **ERNEST IN LOVE**, a pocket-size musical adapted from Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*.



Playmates Miguelito Gil and Miguel Angel Rodriguez in a scene from "The Great Day"



John Kerr and Anne Francis in flashback scene from "The Crowded Sky," story of an air tragedy



Ruth (Elana Eden) receives wise counsel from Naomi (Peggy Woods), in "The Story of Ruth"

The Fantasticks is unusual and cleverly staged fantasy in which the moods range from whimsy and light humor to somber realism and a practical approach to the problems of young love. The slim story, dealing with the obstacles in the path of a young couple in the throes of an idyllic love affair, is enhanced by novel staging, bright performances, and a musical score, played at piano and harp, which is in tune with the changing moods throughout. This is an engaging and welcome novelty.

Wilde's familiar satire on the modes and manners of another era is a sturdy trampoline on which to base a good-natured, musical spoof like *Ernest in Love*. Although there are flecks of coarseness in this new version of an old favorite, the general attitude and atmosphere are entertaining. The players, the amusing lyrics, and the colorful costumes are extra assets in a production which does full justice to the elegance and brilliance of the original Wilde.

Movie Reviews in Brief

From Spain comes **THE GREAT DAY**, a touching story about a six-year-old boy who dreams of receiving his First Communion in a white suit. The poverty of his family makes it an unlikely aspiration, but the boy's determination and ingenuity make it come true. When all else fails, he sets out, unknown to his family, to work nights collecting slag at a foundry. Based on an actual story, the film has considerable appeal. It is extremely well acted by Miguelito Gil, as the boy, and impish Miguel Angel Rodriguez, as a pint-sized conspirator. The Spanish backgrounds are interesting and the mood reverent, but the dubbing is a major flaw. Much of the illusion is lost when the cherubic, black-eyed Spanish lads speak in clipped, cultivated, and incongruous British accents. (Ellis)

Stratosphere traffic problems receive attention and melodramatic treatment in **THE CROWDED SKY**, an adult thriller in which the tension is effectively maintained despite a weak script. A two-passenger Navy jet leaves San Diego at the same time that a giant airliner takes off on the East Coast. In mid-continent, they crash, coming at each other out of the clouds with nightmare precision. The air scenes are realistically handled, but the flashbacks to the private involvements of the passengers and crews on both planes often lack conviction and validity. Dana Andrews, John Kerr, Rhonda Fleming, Efrem Zimbalist, Patsy Kelly, Keenan Wynn, Anne Francis, and Troy Donahue are more than adequate in their roles. The moods range from tingling to tepid in this airborne melodrama. (Warner Bros.)

THE STORY OF RUTH is an interesting interpretation of the Old Testament account. Its message of filial loyalty and devotion is particularly applicable today, while the sincere approach will be appreciated by critics of the overblown Biblical spectacles. Enlarging on the Scriptural account, the story follows Ruth from childhood, through her training as a potential human sacrifice for the god Chemosh, to the meeting with Mahlon and her eventual acceptance of his personal, merciful God. Her return to Bethlehem, after Mahlon's death, and the problems she faced there with Naomi are sympathetically and dramatically depicted. Elana Eden, an Israeli actress, is appealing and believable in the title role, but Peggy Wood is not entirely at her best as Naomi. Stuart Whitman's Boaz and Tom Tryon's Mahlon are vigorous portrayals with a touch of cactus and sagebrush in them. While the production is visually attractive and impressive, it does not attempt to fill the screen with scenes of magnitude and splendor, and for that we can be grateful. On the whole, this is a commendable achievement. (20th Century-Fox)

Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray contribute grand performances despite the script and idea they were harnessed to in **THE APARTMENT**. The plot revolves around the use of Lemmon's bachelor apartment as a rendezvous by his bosses in a big insurance company. In return for his co-operation, he receives a promotion, but eventually his conscience wins out. Needless to add, this is a film which heavily stresses the suggestive, aims its darts at big business, and frankly pegs its comedy on the sexual infidelities of its characters. It is a prime example of tasteless moviemaking. (United Artists)

MASTERS OF THE CONGO JUNGLE is an unusual travelogue-documentary dealing primarily with the natives of the northeastern Belgian Congo. Unlike others of its nature, this magnificently photographed study has a theme: "a communion between the man of the forest and his natural surroundings which inspires in us a sense of respect, a recognition of spiritual heritage." The film probes the world of the Congo, its culture, dances, and philosophy, and includes some remarkable, animal sequences. The color photography is brilliant, and the net effect of this intelligent, feature documentary is indeed impressive. (20th Century-Fox)

It isn't likely that you will find **THE GOLDEN FISH** emblazoned on many marquees, but the admirer of unusual cinema fare would do well to seek it out. A nineteen-minute French film, it has won prizes for artistic merit at various European festivals and is bound to fascinate the worldwide audience as well. It is the simple story of a little Asiatic boy living in a French provincial town who wins a goldfish at a street carnival. The cast consists of the boy, the fish, a cat, and a canary. It might seem difficult to obtain more than maudlin sentimentality with such material, but the director-photographer has achieved some truly brilliant moments of surprise and suspense. This is a lively and lovely vignette. (Columbia)

RAYMIE also deals with a boy and a fish, in this case a giant barracuda living in the sea off a Southern California town. The boy is a fatherless lad who frequents a pier used by the local fishermen. It is his burning ambition to catch the legendary fish, but when he finally realizes the dream he frees the barracuda, aware that achievement is not always as satisfying as it might seem. David Ladd's performance is excellent, and he receives acceptable co-operation from Julie Adams, John Agar, Richard Arlen, and Charles Winninger in this offbeat family drama. (Allied Artists)

Debbie Reynolds and Tony Curtis are teamed in **THE RAT RACE**, a rather cynical study of love and life in New York, as experienced by two fame hunters. She is a dance-hall hostess, weary of the struggle for existence in the "rat race," and he is an ambitious sax player, who comes along just as she is being evicted from her furnished room. "Gallantly" he offers to share the room with her on a platonic basis. This is the launching pad for a trite, and suggestive, comedy with the inevitable climax. This tawdry tale never rises above the level of amateur night in writing or performance. (Paramount)

Elia Kazan gives his stamp of approval to the Tennessee Valley Authority in **WILD RIVER**, a confused and static flashback based on two novels by William Bradford Huie and Bordon Deal. The dual foundation undoubtedly accounts for the absence of a recognizable story line or balanced direction. The principal figure is an aged matriarch whose stubborn refusal to leave her tiny island empire in

the Tennessee River has held up the entire project. As interpreted by Jo Van Fleet, the indomitable woman not only dwarfs all the other characters in the film but also manages to win sympathy for her struggle. Montgomery Clift, as a government agent sent to oust her, and Lee Remick, as the woman's granddaughter, are colorless in comparison. Most of the other characters are mere caricatures. Aside from the superior photography, there is little to recommend in this turgid salaam to TVA. (20th Century-Fox)

If you date back to the era of Buster Keaton, Harry Langdon, Charlie Chase, Charlie Chaplin's two-reelers, and Ben Turpin, then **WHEN COMEDY WAS KING** will stir fond memories of silent-screen slapstick. For those who recall no further back than Abbott and Costello, The Three Stooges, or Jerry Lewis, this collection of laugh-reels from the archives should have considerable value. The broad performances, the custard-pie routines, and the uncomplicated scripts are on the corny side, but the chuckles are timeless. (20th Century-Fox)

FIVE BRANDED WOMEN is a confusing and ineffectual broadside against the Nazis in the continuing movie war against their depredations. There are times when one wonders if there is a Communist threat, insofar as filmdom is concerned, and this is one of them. An international project filmed in Italy and Austria, this grim story deals with five young women whose heads have been shaved by the partisans near their Yugoslavian village. They had been accused of fraternizing with the German troops in the area. Shamed and then driven out by the Nazis, they join the partisans who had branded them. Eventually, they are forgiven their political sins and become full-fledged partisans. The moral tone is low and the artistic level not much higher in this dedicated, but dull, flashback. The cast includes Van Heflin, Vera Miles, Barbara Bel Geddes, Steve Forrest, and Silvana Mangano. (Paramount)

James Thurber's short story *The Catbird Seat* has been enlarged to feature-length by British moviemakers, retitled **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**, and emerges as a witty, deliberate comedy capped by a wild and frantic farce sequence. The fun orbits around an attractive, American efficiency expert who arrives at the headquarters of a tweed-making firm and proceeds to establish a new regime. The chief accountant, a mild-mannered veteran of thirty-five years' service, decides to "do in" the lady. Peter Sellers plays the role in the Guinness manner, which sets the pace for the entire production, while Constance Cummings, as the interloper, and Robert Morley, the owner of the plant, are only a notch beneath him. This is a decidedly amusing frolic for those who enjoy the Thurber touch. (Continental)

Sin is sun-drenched, starry-eyed, and almost glorified in **STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET**, the story of an illicit romance in a lush California community. Kirk Douglas and Kim Novak are neighbors who plunge deliberately into an affair after a casual encounter in a supermarket. Though both are well past the puppy-love stage, their association is conducted on that level. On one occasion they admit feeling guilty, but that is soon brushed aside with a starry-eyed glance and a romp on the beach. The straying husband and father returns to the fold because he feels sorry for his wife, while his inamorata, an obvious nymphomaniac, drives away in a misty fadeout. In addition to the frankly amoral point of view, the dialogue is unbelievably trite and the acting amateurish, except for a strong portrayal by Barbara Rush, as the neglected wife. (Columbia)



BY ANTONIA WHITE

how do you recognize



THE SAINT

Children, as you know, are supposed to have a special power of discerning saints. A great many years ago, when I was a child at a convent school, a number of us were certain that we had divined one in our very midst.

The name of the saint was Mother Lucilla Ryan. She was about thirty years old, very beautiful in a way that was both spiritual and witty, and she was dying of consumption. We came back from our summer holidays to find that the consump-

ILLUSTRATED BY JO POLSENO

gize a Saint? the answer was easy

tion, which for months had moved stealthily, almost invisibly, had begun to gallop. It was too late to send her abroad to the Order's sanatorium at Montreux. She was to die here, in the infirmary, among her own friends.

Mother Lucilla had been in direct charge of the Junior School, so that we felt her to be peculiarly *our* saint. The tiny notes she scribbled us now and then, exquisitely written notes penciled on scraps of squared paper torn from an exercisebook, we slipped reverently into our missals, convinced that one day they would be sought-after relics. Charlotte, I remember, even went so far as to print on hers "Actual writing of the Blessed Lucilla Ryan." We were amazed at her boldness.

I think we were just a little disappointed that Mother Lucilla was dying in her bed and not at the stake. Canonization, we knew, was a long and tedious process, and we wanted quick results. Martyrdom, as everyone knows, is the royal road to sainthood, and we would have trusted Mother Lucilla under any torture. Her bravery, indeed, was almost legendary. Some of the Senior School could remember how she had caught her finger in the sea-saw one day during recreation. Without so much as a grimace, she had folded her wounded hand in her sleeve and stood for the rest of the hour, directing games as usual, with that odd, delicate smile of hers. Not until she had marshaled the children back indoors did anyone know that the top half of one finger had been torn away.

IT CAN never be an easy task to succeed a saint, especially in the critical eyes of twenty small girls, but few people could have failed more conspicuously than poor Mother MacDowell. There was nothing to appeal to the most charitable imagination about our new mistress. To begin with, she was very plain; small and stocky, with a red, hard-bitten face and thick, refracting glasses. Through these amazing glasses, her small, dull eyes appeared enormous, like the eyes of an insect. Somehow or other we knew that her father had gone blind and that her parents had made her spend an hour every day alone in the dark, so that if she, too, were to go blind she would be less helpless. Had we heard such a story about Mother Lucilla, it would be one more legend of her saintly patience. But it was part of the general unfortunateness of Mother MacDowell that everything that happened to her should seem dull, common, and even rather ridiculous. The very tasks she was given by the community seemed

to be chosen to display her at her worst. Besides looking after us, she was mistress of needlework for the whole school, though, even with her glasses, she could hardly see to thread a needle. Her red hands, speckled with pricks, look clumsier than ever, moving stiffly and painfully over the gauzy linen we were embroidering for altar cloths. Everything about her was unromantic. Her habit was the shabbiest in the convent. Her rosary was broken in three places and mended with wire. She suffered from titanic colds that made her look plainer than ever. And, to crown all, her Christian name was Keziah.

We were prepared to receive her with a cold dislike, but there was something about Mother MacDowell's attitude to our adored Mother Lucilla that ripened the dislike into hostility. I don't mean that she ever said anything uncharitable about Mother Lucilla or that she did not encourage us to pray for her. But the sight of any extravagant devotion, and, above all, any

• He is less in need who is without a garment than he who is without humility.—Pope St. Gregory I

mention of the word "saint," roused her to unwonted anger.

The four-o'clock recreation, when we did not play games, but sat about with our mistress, munching thick slices of bread and jam, was always a time for discussion. I am afraid it was also a favorite time for baiting Mother MacDowell. One afternoon, as we sat around her under the planetree on the dusty, stony, Junior School playground, Charlotte said, raising innocent eyes:

"Mother MacDowell, do you think Mother Lucilla is a saint?"

"It is not for us to say who are saints and who are not. That is for God to declare, through the mouth of the Church," said Mother MacDowell.

"But don't you think Mother Lucilla's awfully holy?" persisted Charlotte, who had been a great favorite of Mother Lucilla's, if saints have favorites.

"Only God can know that. We all need infinite mercy. No doubt we shall all have a great many surprises at the Last Day."

The five-minute bell rang.

"Come along, Charlotte, eat your bread and jam. You haven't even begun it," said Mother MacDowell.

"I don't want it," said Charlotte self-consciously.

"Don't be absurd, child. Be thankful to the dear Lord who sent it to you, and eat up your good food."

"But—Mother..."

"Well, child?"

"I wanted to do a penance for Mother Lucilla. You said we all needed prayers. So I thought I'd give up my *gouter* for her."

We gave Charlotte admiring glances. None of us had thought of doing that.

"God does not want penances of that sort," said Mother MacDowell very decidedly. "He would far rather that, instead of showing off like that, you made an act of humility and ate your *gouter* like the others. That would be a real penance."

CHARLOTTE turned crimson and began to eat her bread in small martyred bites. Although we could not resist a faint pang of pleasure in seeing her scored off, the general feeling was that Mother MacDowell had showed a very mean spirit. A week later, Mother Lucilla died. As a great privilege, we were allowed to see her as she lay among the lilies in the Lady Chapel that had once been a ballroom and that still had gilt garlands of leaves and little violins on the walls. We filed round the bier on tiptoe, in our black veils and gloves, passing from hand to hand the heavy silver *asperges* and clumsily sprinkling drops of holy water on Mother Lucilla's black habit, that had become sculptured and unreal like a statue's robe. Not one of us doubted, as we looked at her lying there, pale as wax and still smiling, as if she had just been told some holy secret, that we were looking at a saint.

The morning she was buried, they dressed us in the white serge uniforms that we wore only on big feast days. Carrying candles that burned with a faint, nearly invisible flame in the May sunlight, the whole school passed in long ranks under the alley of limes that led to the nuns' cemetery. At the graveside we formed a hollow square, with the younger ones in the center. Mother Lucilla's four tall brothers, who were all officers in the Irish Guards, carried the coffin; the little boys from the Poor School, transformed into a choir with white surplices, chirped the *De Profundis* like so many sparrows. We peered with respectful curiosity into the hollow grave. It was lined with spruce boughs that had a solemn, unforgettable smell. Father Kelly was praying, in his rich voice that sounded splendid out of doors, that all the angels might come to meet her at the doors of heaven; the four tall brothers were paying out the bands of the deal coffin

that looked like a soldier's, when the wonderful thing happened. As the nuns intoned the Amen, a white butterfly flew up out of the grave, hung for a minute so that we could all see it, then spiraled away, with a flight as purposeful as a bird's, right up into the blue air.

We looked round curiously. Some of the nuns were gazing up after the butterfly. Mother MacDowell, I noticed, was not one of these. Her red face was bowed and impassive, though the sun danced furiously in her spectacles. But Reverend Mother, who had been weeping a little, lifted her head, and, looking straight at the Junior School, gave us a smile that was positively triumphant. Almost giddy with excitement and happiness, we smiled back. It was a Sign, if ever there was one.

We were rather subdued for the rest of the day. Even poor Mother MacDowell did not find us quite so impossible as usual. At tea-time recreation we gathered round her in quite a friendly way, while the conversation turned quite naturally on saints. But, today, we were careful to mention no names.

Charlotte, sitting astride a branch of the plane tree, bent down to ask, very politely:

"How long does it take for a saint to get canonized?"

"Many years, my dear child—centuries sometimes."

There was a murmur of disappointment. Then someone had a bright thought.

"But what about the Blessed Marie Madeleine Pérot?" said a voice falling over itself with excitement. "She's not just Blessed, she's Saint now, and I know a girl whose grandmother was at the Sacred Heart when Mother Pérot was Mistress-General, and the grandmother's still alive."

We sighed with relief.

"But it's awfully difficult, isn't it, Mother?" said Laura the pessimist. "There's the Devil's Advocate, and they've got to prove major miracles worked by direct intercession and all that, haven't they?"

MOTHER MacDowell gave a small, dour smile—very different from the angelic smile of Mother Lucilla.

"It's not the miracles that matter so much, my dear. They're only outward signs. There have been big saints who worked no miracles and little saints who worked many. No, what matters is that the person should have attained heroic sanctity on this earth."

Heroic sanctity? It sounded very difficult indeed. We were quiet for a minute, knitting our brows. Then one

by one we remembered Mother Lucilla's severed finger. If that was not heroic sanctity, what was? But suddenly our thoughts were turned violently back to earth. There was a noise of breaking wood, a shrill scream and a crash. Charlotte had fallen off her perch in the plane tree and was lying on the stones. We drew back, frightened. Mother MacDowell hesitated for a second before she advanced and picked Charlotte up. Then she sat down with Charlotte on her lap while the rest of us stood in a gaping circle. Charlotte's knee bled in streams; Mother MacDowell's habit was already wet and shining.

But it was at the nun's face and not at Charlotte's cut knee that we were all looking. For Mother MacDowell had turned from red to a dreadful greenish white. We knew what it was—she was one of those people who cannot bear the sight of blood. But there was no pity in us that day; we all remembered Mother Lucilla, who never flinched at the sight of blood, not

• Character building is done by
piecework.—E. D. Austin

even her own. But, to do justice to Mother MacDowell, she managed to control herself. Her lips were trembling, she could not speak, but she produced her coarse white handkerchief as big as a table napkin and began to wipe away the dirt from the cut knee. Finally, having roughly bandaged Charlotte, who behaved with a stoicism worthy of Mother Lucilla herself, she told four of us to take our friend to the infirmary.

We waited in interested silence while the infirmary sister unwound the handkerchief. The bleeding had entirely stopped. The sister examined the leg carefully; then she began to laugh. "Why, you little sillies, there's not even a cut. Run along, Charlotte. There's nothing the matter with you—nothing except a dirty knee, that is."

It was perfectly true. There were specks of brown gravel on Charlotte's knee, and that was all. There was not a spot of blood on the handkerchief.

But when the five of us were in the garden again, Charlotte beckoned us with an air of great solemnity.

"Swear you won't tell—or, rather, don't swear—promise, because it's something holy."

We promised eagerly.

"Well, you know there was a cut on my knee—you all saw how it bled. And it hurt awfully."

We nodded.

"Well, when Mother MacDowell began to wipe it with her handkerchief, there was suddenly an awful pain in it, as if it had been burned or something—and then I just knew the cut wasn't there any more."

"But, Charlotte," I gasped, "if that really happened—it was a . . ."

"I know," she said feverishly, "it was—a miracle."

We stared at her.

But Laura, the rationalist, said:

"Who worked it then? Did you pray to anyone?"

"Well—not exactly. But I had my rosary—the one that touched Her—in my pocket."

It was quite enough for us. Mother Lucilla was as good as canonized.

"Promise not to tell yet," implored Charlotte.

We promised. And we certainly kept the letter of our promise. But back on the playground, someone asked Mother MacDowell in an offhand way: "How big does a major miracle have to be? Would it be a major miracle if a broken arm got set by itself? Or if an awfully deep cut suddenly healed up of its own accord?"

But Mother MacDowell turned fiery red and snapped out: "That is enough talk about miracles, children. You are all thoroughly overexcited. You will talk French at supper and go to bed half an hour earlier if this goes on."

We hastily quit the subject of miracles. Just as we were forming into file to go back to the house, one of the Senior School came running toward Mother MacDowell. She stopped, fumbled in her pocket, and produced a rosary.

"I found this in the Junior School benches, Mother. Does it belong to any of your children?"

The rosary was of the kind rich parents give their children for First Communion presents: carved amethyst beads threaded on a gold chain. Mother MacDowell held it up by the tip of her fingers; had it been any secular object, one would have said she held it disdainfully.

"And whose is this?" she asked. "I seem to have seen . . ."

But Charlotte was already skipping forward to claim her property.

I suppose it must be thirty or forty years since it all happened. Laura is a Carmelite nun, and Charlotte, who married a millionaire, and a Protestant at that, is a grandmother. I might even have forgotten all about it if I had not read in my *Universe* yesterday that the Canonization of the Blessed Keziah MacDowell had just been ratified by the Holy See.



The Sinister Plot to S

PLANNED WITH the Kremlin's attention to detail, a summons to the military's special branch assigned to operations in Latin America was issued early last year to a Soviet intelligence officer. Among other skills, people in this branch can hum *La Cucaracha*, dance the cha-cha like a native, and map every rock from the Morro Castle to the last stop on the Falkland Island's bus lines.

The intelligence officer, Vadim Kotchergin, was told that he was for the moment a Soviet labor chief. In May, he met a delegation of official Soviet labor leaders at the Moscow airport. They asked no questions; they took his orders. The group's destination was Cuba—and the infiltration of Dr. Fidel Castro's labor movement.

This was merely one band of Soviet experts grouped around a spy such as Comrade Kotchergin. There was a farm delegation for infiltration of Cuba's agrarian reform movement and military groups for infiltration of the bearded army. Our own intelligence forces—directed by Allen Dulles, the pipe-smoking chief of the Central Intelligence Agency, with forty years of intelligence activity—knew of their movements.

Here, we are interested and fascinated only by Kotchergin and the contacts he made in the land of the revolutionary playboy of the western world.

The Soviet spy met with a cadre of Cuban Communists which is just one tiny cell in a global network known as the World Federation of Trade Unions. He observed the Cuban Confederation of Labor (CTC), noted the strength or lack of strength of the anti-Communists, gave tactical orders to the Cuban Communists, and then flew back to Moscow.

Directives to the Cuban Communists operatives were explicit. Their first target was to place themselves in positions of strength at the convention of the Cuban Confederation of Labor, to be held on November 18 when the labor movement held its first session in the Palacio de Los Trabajadores. But the Communists were not to get themselves out front. Not yet. To do so would not be wise, for that would serve notice that the Soviets really controlled Cuban labor. The strategy for the moment was to give the impression that the unions were still free labor—but anti-U.S.

The Soviet agents succeeded. Stories streamed from con-

vention hall that the Communists had been set back, routed, reduced to a minimum on the high council. But, two months later, the Cuban Confederation was purged of virtually all anti-Communist officials. Typical is the following report from the Inter-American Regional Organization (O.R.I.T.), the anti-Communist organization of free unions operating out of Calle Vallarta 8, Mexico City. This is what they reported:

"An over-all purge of democratic leaders who have opposed Communist infiltration in the Cuban labor movement has been reported from Havana. The victims are well-known trade union leaders who have been under attack by the Communist Party and its newspaper, *Hoy*.

"Manuel Fernandez, known for his anti-Communist stand in the Cuban labor movement, has been ousted from the presidency of the Association of Cuban Theatrical Artists and as secretary-general of the National Federation of Public Spectacles."

Among others suspended by the directorate of the CTC, the O.R.I.T. disclosed, were the leaders of the Construction Workers, the Woodworkers, the Medical Workers, the Musicians, and the Havana Province Tobacco Federation.

This part of Comrade Kotchergin's mission was accomplished.

Another objective was passage at the convention of a resolution creating a workers' militia. It was created. Castro immediately pledged to equip and train the special legions.

The tactic was simple. Once such a militia was launched, the Communists knew that it would be dispatched into the field. It would take over property. It would attack and imprison American technicians. It would run into our own forces at our base there. Incidents would develop.

The Soviet tactic was aimed specifically at provoking such clashes so that the giant gringo, the U.S., would be forced either to shoot to protect our people and young troops or to sit back and look stupid and frightened before the world—bullied by a tiny island into milktoast diplomatic protests. Either way we would lose.

Two months after the resolution passed, the workers' militia began parading. Some 55,000 workers were trained by the Federation of Sugar Workers. The Electrical Union had its brigades. Other unions were creating little armies of

When it comes to the wily art of espionage, nobody beats the Communists. Here is the shocking disclosure by Victor Riesel, one of America's top labor reporters, of how the Kremlin intends to capture millions of Latin American workers. The World Federation of Trade Unions is the tool. It worked in Cuba. And it continues to undermine free men

BY VICTOR RIESEL

Steal Latin America

their own. They were going into the fields. They were seizing property. They were pushing our technicians around.

Another part of Comrade Kotcherkin's mission accomplished by highly trained Cuban labor specialists? Who are they? Where do they come from? One is Lazaro Pena. He was trained in Moscow and Budapest. He is the liaison between the Kremlin and the Cuban comrades. He had training in a seven-year-old union school at Sztalin-ter 17, Budapest, 6. This is the special school, the central labor training campus for the World Federation of Trade Unions.

And what is this "WFTU?" It is, according to Allen Dulles, the Soviet's greatest conduit of global sabotage and espionage. Its most important assignment at the moment is to provide the cover for the capture of millions of Latin American workers. With these unions as fronts, the tactic will be to seize political power below the border. Then it will be simple to run the Bolshoi Border from Havana to Acapulco.

None of this will be done, of course, as a direct and openly Communist maneuver. Here is how Gen. C. P. Cabell, CIA Deputy Director, describes this Latin American operation:

"Communists have long interfered in the internal affairs of Latin American Republics. They have consistently abused diplomatic privileges. In Mexico and Argentina, the Soviet Union has interfered in trade union activities to a point of offending the national sovereignty of these countries. In these countries, the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, through representatives in certain Soviet Embassies, has given guidance and financial support in a clandestine manner to the Communist Party in a host of surrounding countries.

"On a regional scale, the Communist Party of the Soviet Union has been guiding Latin American Communists in their preparation of a 'Congress of Latin American Peoples.' The guidance calls for complete concealment of the Communist instigation and initiation of the Congress. It provides for the deception of the peoples of Latin America and for the deception of specific patriotic, progressive, non-Communist public figures whom the Communists are seeking to trick into sponsoring the Congress. The Communists' aim is to undermine the amity, the co-operation of the

member-peoples of the Organization of American States, thus weakening the defense of their freedom.

"This aim of that Congress is to be described under the wholesome purpose of defending the internal resources of the Latin American countries.

"Latin American Communists, in ever-increasing number, are being trained in the Soviet Union in the techniques of gaining state power, leading to the establishment of Communist dictatorships. Their training is clandestine from beginning to end. The trainees are aided in obtaining illegal travel documents in defiance of their own and other governments in order to travel to the training sites within the Soviet Union. They are being taught to exploit the honest and legitimate national aspirations of genuine political parties, labor movements, and other democratic institutions."

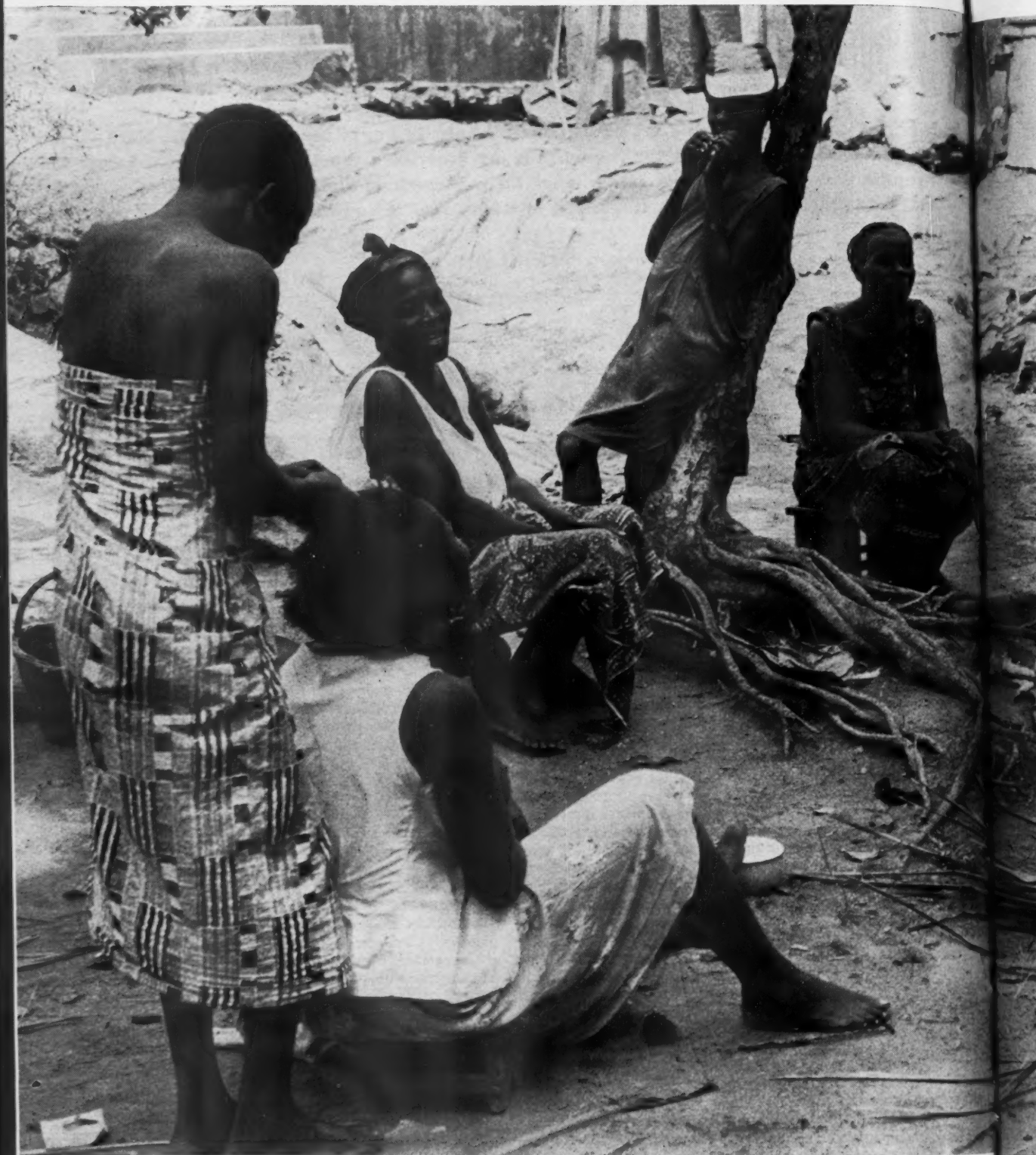
SOME TRAINEES need not travel to the Lenin School in Moscow for a two- or three-year course, to the WFTU institution in Budapest, or to the special classes in East Berlin and China. True, the main Latin American and Caribbean training centers are there. But in May, 1958, the WFTU set up a "labor school" in Costa Rica, a small operation with thirty students. When they had finished, they were specialists such as few other countries have in their service.

They fanned out into Central America from Panama to Managua, Nicaragua. Wherever they've been, there have been riots.


This cadre, as well as those in the labor unions of Cuba and the other Latin American countries, is controlled by the sixty-five-year-old veteran Stalinist, Vincente Lombardo Toledano. He is a regional chief of the WFTU and operates the Latin American Confederation of Labor at Plaza de la Republica 6, Mexico City. The outfit is financed directly by the WFTU global headquarters in Prague. It supplies passports and documents for Communists traveling on special Soviet missions. It pays for the constant printing of material attacking the U.S. and our diplomats abroad.

It is easily the most effective regional operation of the

(Continued on page 69)



In a compound in the town of Nsawam, Ghana, Father Gerard Fini, S.V.D., enjoys the friendly hospitality



THE BOND

African Priest and his people

We are fairly familiar with the deeds and dilemmas of foreign missionaries. What of the life of a priest among his own people in the Church's mission lands? Father Gerard Fini's life as a rural pastor in Ghana, West Africa, illustrates the bond that is present when a priest rises up from his own people. The parishioners are not self-conscious when they talk to him. He, in turn, appreciates the significance of local customs and traditions and is better able than a foreigner to adapt African life to Christian standards. This does not mean that an African priest has an easier time than a foreign missionary. Father Fini's case, in fact, shows the complexities of Africa. For several years, he was stationed on one side of the town of Nsawam, near the capital, Accra, where he preached to the people in their tongue, Ewe. Last year, he was moved to the other side of the same town where a totally different language of Twi is spoken. Father Fini, who speaks a second African language of Togo plus English and German, must now preach through an interpreter. Father Fini faces financial obstacles, too. The parish is in a depressed area of the cocoa industry; a recent Sunday collection amounted to \$2.75. Unlike foreign missionaries, Father Fini has no one "back home" to help him.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE SIGN BY KAY LAWSON
TEXT BY DOUGLAS J. ROCHE

of parishioners who feel closer to him than to white priests



■ Father Fini struggles to develop his parish with meager funds. Parish school, with enrollment of 1,000, is financed by government. Below, the priest talks to parishioners after Mass and baptizes an infant in church



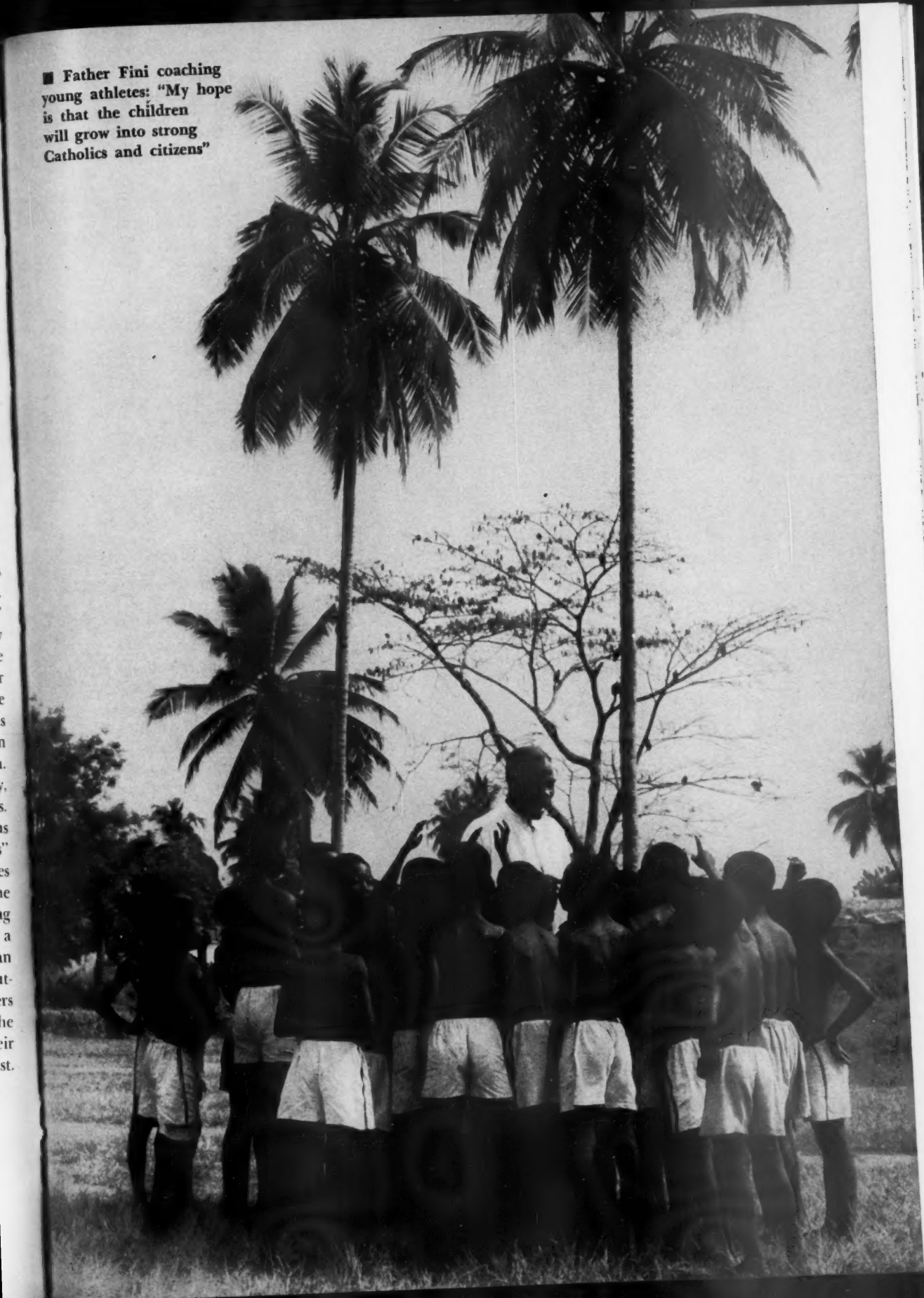
Ordained twenty-five years, Father Fini is one of five African (and forty-eight white) priests in the Accra diocese.

The first resident priests came to Accra only in 1926, so the traditions of Catholicism have scarcely begun to take hold on the people. Building up a core of trained lay leaders is one of the priest's toughest jobs. Like many a missionary, he pins his hopes on the coming generation.

"The Church is like a tree," he says. "The roots grow slowly, then suddenly the tree is in bloom." Father Fini became a Catholic at the age of nine, when he was attending mission school in Togoland, next door to Ghana.

Today, he lives austere, with relatively few comforts. He travels to mission stations in crowded "mammy wagons" and eats little. "My worries destroy my appetite," he says. The priest is suffering for his people. It is a moving experience for an outsider to witness the outpouring of hymns and prayers in Father Fini's church as the Africans unite with their priest at the altar of Christ.

■ Father Fini coaching
young athletes: "My hope
is that the children
will grow into strong
Catholics and citizens"

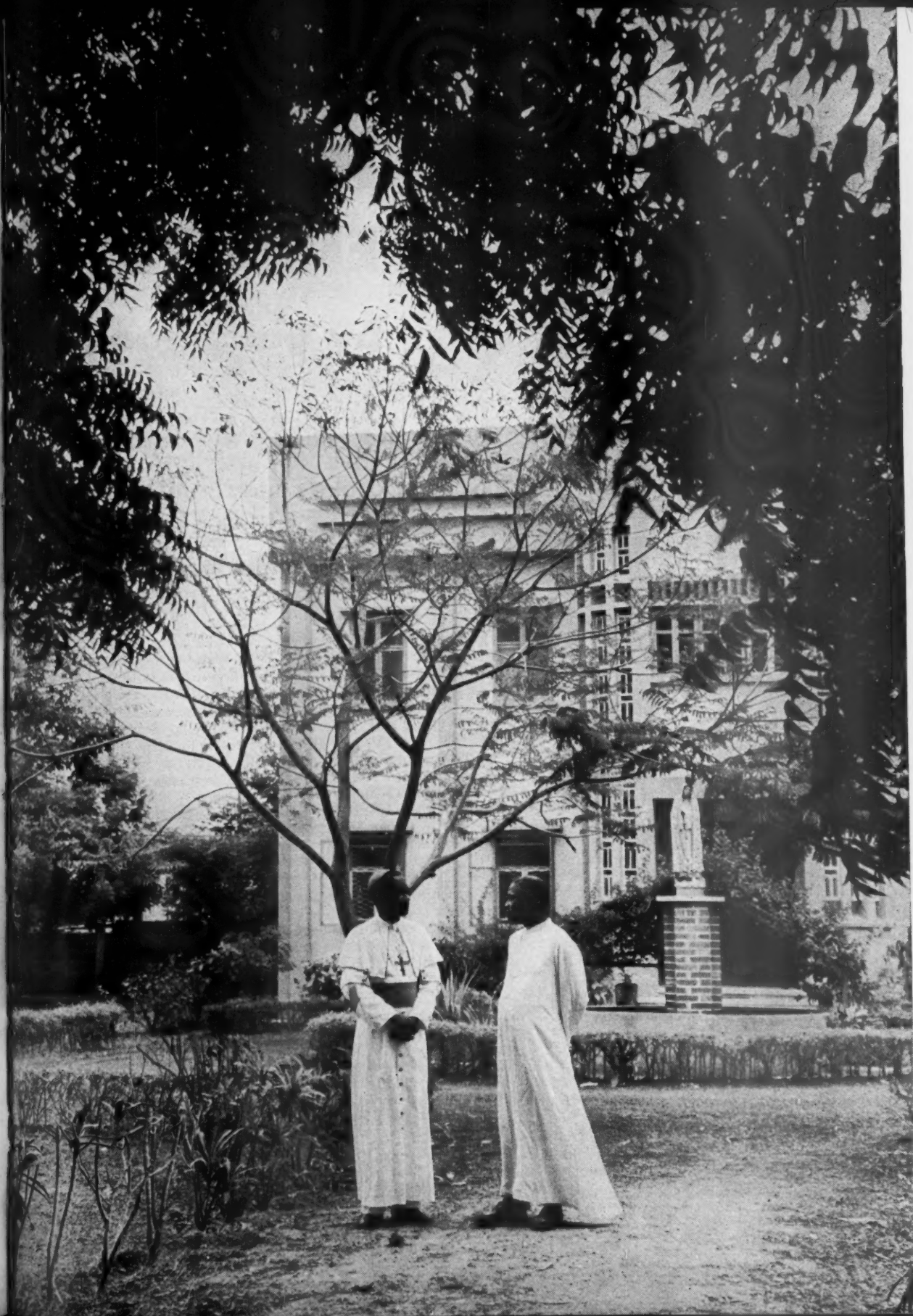




■ Father Fini is welcomed at the home of a newly married couple, Thomas and Jane Boateng. "We must have firm Christian marriages for the Church to take root," says the priest. Yet, the cost of marriage often depletes a man's savings

■ The pastor stands on the edge of church property, overlooking the Moslem section of town where he is not welcome because of Moslem antipathy to Christianity. Moslemism is spreading faster than Christianity through Africa south of the Sahara

■ Father Fini with his bishop, Most Rev. Joseph Bowers, S.V.D., who was born in the British West Indies and educated in America. Development of an African clergy will guard the Church against nationalist fever in the young nations



THE DEFENDERS of Europe are now battling the annual trans-Atlantic invasion. Even at Buckingham Palace, the famous guards in the bearskin headpieces have been ordered to retreat behind the wrought-iron fence surrounding Britain's royal residence. The unprecedented retreat at Buckingham Palace came about because of the most formidable of all the invaders, a lady tourist from the U.S.

As paragons of British reserve, Buckingham Palace guardsmen heretofore ignored tender attentions from little boys who push ice cream pops into their boots and little girls who march beside them (outside the fence) while daddy's movie camera grinds away. Then came the day last year when a lady tourist so provoked a guardsman that he took an extra step or two. The lady screamed that she had been kicked and the guardsman was confined to his barracks for ten days. As a consequence, the guards are walking their post behind the palace fence under a new British separate but equal policy.

Fortunately, Europe's tourist trauma is usually less shattering and is, in fact, a good-natured tug-of-war, which this year will match a record 850,000 Americans against the defenders. The tourist, it is worth noting, takes on a unique and temporary personality whether he happens to be an innocent American in Europe or a wicked European in America. Unlike the immigrant who arrives hat in hand, the tourist arrives fully armed. He has his preconceptions, his own national ways, his guidebook, his camera, and his dollars.

The American and the European may not transform each other during their annual encounter, but there's no getting away from the fact that when the tourist season is over, it's not soon forgotten by the other side.

When Pope John XXIII, for instance, held an audience for 10,000 people last August at the new reception hall in his summer palace, the Texas Boys Choir of Fort Worth turned up. They sang several rousing choruses for Pope John, closing with a lusty Texas cheer complete with waving of cowboy hats.

When Loretta Powell of Stratford, Conn., was invited to the British House of Commons, she also followed the cowboy tradition by appearing in ten-gallon hat, black boots, and a pair of six shooters. As the reigning Miss U.S.A., 1959, she was an honored guest, but no weapons, not even her toy guns, are allowed in the House of Commons. And she picked a particularly bad day to appear in such warlike dress, for it was Guy Fawkes Day, the anniversary of the seventeenth-century plot to blow up Parliament.

INVADING EUROPE

by guidebook

They're off to Europe—the tourists, with their guidebooks, cameras, and dollars

BY EDWARD WAKIN

Probably the greatest authorities on the more typical American tourist are the hotel owners in the tourists' favorite city, Paris. One out of every four visitors to Paris last year was an American (France, along with England, Italy, and Germany, comprise the Big Four of U.S. tourism). According to a survey by a French business newspaper, Paris hotel owners favor the German tourist over the American and the American over the British. The Germans are "affable with the management and his staff, generous with tips, good spenders and don't ask for much." The Americans are "usually generous, too, but they insist on details, such as iced water, and they let their children spoil the furniture." The British are "short of money, suspicious, and getting more and more critical."

The survey is reminiscent of what a veteran foreign correspondent said about the American tourists he had been watching for years in Europe. "The Americans find it hard to adjust to the fact that this is a different world," he said. "Ham and eggs one day in New York and the next day muddy coffee and croissants. The European, on the other hand, is more provincial than you realize. He finds it hard to look at the American tourist as an individual."

For the British newspaper cartoonist, the standard model American tourist arrives in dark glasses, smoking a long

cigar, and wearing a broad-brimmed hat, baggy sports coat, and loud necktie, with three cameras, a light meter, and a transistor radio slung over his shoulders. The truth is that the average American visitor to England is about forty-five years old, earns about \$6,000, is about as likely to be a man as a woman and more than likely to be a college graduate.

Everywhere in Europe, "meeting people" is high on the preference list of U.S. tourists, but it is reportedly No. 1 in England where it is also probably hardest. According to a reliable eavesdropper, the contrast between British reserve and American friendliness even caught the attention of two Scottish waitresses in a fashionable London restaurant one evening. The waitresses were commenting on the silent, glum Englishman and his American companion who was carrying on what looked like a one-sided conversation. One waitress said "It's disgraceful how sarcastic that Englishman is to that American gentleman. My mother always told me, 'If you can't speak nicely to an American, don't speak to him at all.'"

According to the U.S. Passport Office, Europeans who do talk to American tourists discover after running through the who and where of polite conversation that the tourist army is led by skilled workers and housewives. Other



leading categories are independent businessmen, professionals, students, retired persons, clerk-secretaries, teachers, unskilled workers, religious, and writers.

Two leading age groups are travelers in their twenties and fifties, while the number of retired persons rose 22 per cent in the first half of last year. This reflects the growing tendency to retire and see the world, which means Europe in four out of five cases. By states, New York supplies the most tourists, followed by California, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, and Michigan.

NOR IS IT enough to say tourists merely arrive by sea and air. They may be part of a special tour for dress designers, bachelors, political scientists, choir directors, museum curators, librarians, butterfly collectors, or polar bear hunters. The latter were officially recognized by Scandinavian Airlines System which organized an armed tour of ice floes around Spitsbergen Island.

When it comes to tours, it's the ladies that turn out more than the men, according to an old hand in the business, Dean Smith, vice president of Becker Travel Bureau in New York. "Often couples making their first trip to Europe will ask to join a tour," he also reports. "Sometimes they want to join a small group or they bring along a few friends and say: 'Make us into a tour.'

Boys will take tours but they want to be with other boys. They don't want girls around. Needless to say, girls don't feel the same way."

There is also a new, do-it-yourself tourist who in effect hires his own plane, pilot, and stewardesses. Almost all the major airlines will rent out an airliner for \$15,000 in the winter and \$23,000 in the summer, and the price per person amounts to about \$250 round trip.

Last year almost one out of seven American tourists visited Europe on a charter flight, which can only be run by organizations for their members and their immediate family. But there's no end to the types of possibilities: organizations of young Democrats, old Republicans, stamp collectors, and fire engine chasers all are liable to rent a plane and turn tourist.

Once in Europe the American tourist is undoubtedly a big spender, first, last, and always. American tourists spent more than half a billion dollars during 1958 in Europe and the Mediterranean, exclusive of what it cost to get there. Last year, American tourists spent a total of \$2.3 billion on foreign travel. A six-month survey in Italy showed that the word deluxe was made for Americans, despite the French hotel owners' preference for the Germans. The Americans comprised 6 per cent of the tourists and occupied 42 per cent of Italy's deluxe hotel rooms, while the

Germans comprised 24 per cent of the tourists and occupied less than 6 per cent of the deluxe hotel rooms.

At 11 Rue Scribe, the famous American Express office in Paris, the entire drama of the American tourist abroad can be witnessed as thousands of customers pour in and out every day during the summer. They collect mail, leave messages, rent cars, sign the guest book, get advice, and, of course, cash travelers checks.

After the tourist race is run, the travelers checks spent, and the color slides developed, it is the turn of the stay-at-homes to show their endurance, for home is the traveler with his illustrated tales. How much the tourist leaves behind and how much he takes with him is a moot point exemplified by last year's attempt of three young Americans, filled with the spirit of an Italian night, to straighten the leaning Tower of Pisa.

Driving their car up to the tower, they wrapped a rope around it and tied the loose end to the rear bumper of their car. Then, stepping on the gas, they raced their engine, tugging away at the mystery of the ages as they drove off into the night. What they left behind was one rear bumper and one tower, still leaning, but what a story it must have made when they showed their color slides to the poor, unfortunate non-tourists back home.

by Adrian Lynch, C.P.

THE SIGNPOST

Divine Omniscience and Efficacy of Prayer

How do you reconcile God's omniscience with the efficacy of prayer? God knows all things from eternity, including the future free actions of men and all possible consequences. What I pray for, therefore, is either going to come to me or it isn't. If it is, asking for it will be vain. Since prayer cannot alter the scheme of one's life, why bother to pray?—IOWA.



Prayer, or the asking of God for the things that are good for us, is not only an instinct of our rational nature, but it is also a duty frequently urged on us by Divine Revelation. There is no contradiction between the foreknowledge of God and the efficacy of prayer. We do not pray that God change His will, but rather we pray that God may give us those things which He has determined to bestow only in answer to our prayers. If we do not pray as we ought, we fail to fulfill the condition for receiving the good things God has willed to give. As St. Gregory, Pope, put it, "Men, by asking, merit to receive what Almighty God from eternity has determined to give them." We don't change Divine Providence by our supplications, rather we fulfill it. Prayer is efficacious principally because God has determined to answer it, when it is offered as it ought to be. Hence, God is not deceiving us when He says, "Ask and it shall be given to you." (Matt. 7:7.)

Rose Ferron: Keith

(1) Please give me some information about Rose Ferron of Woonsocket, Rhode Island. I have heard that she is an ecstatic and bears the stigmata. (2) Is Keith a saint's name?—GEORGETOWN, CONN.

(1) The Most Rev. Bishop of the Diocese of Providence, R. I., to which the town of Woonsocket belongs, has warned the faithful that any cult of Rose Ferron should be discouraged. She is at present under investigation and what has been discovered so far is not favorable to her cause.

(2) I cannot find any reference to Keith in the lists of saints available to me.

Nursing Brotherhoods

Please tell me if there are any religious brotherhoods who nurse the sick. I feel that I could be of use in such a brotherhood because I had a few years experience in this line while in the service.—GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Brotherhoods of this kind are Congregation of Alexian Brothers, 1240 West Belden Street, Chicago 14, Ill.; Brothers of Saint John of God, 2035 West Adams Blvd., Los Angeles 18, Cal.; Brothers of Mercy, Ransom Road, Clarence, N. Y.; Sons of Mary, Health of the Sick, Framingham, Mass. Communicate with the Vocational Directors of these brotherhoods for detailed information.

Souls of Resurrected

I understand that the soul leaves the body within three hours after death, but not later. What explanation can be given in the case of Lazarus, brother of Mary and Martha, who was brought back to life by Jesus? Also of the young man who was resurrected by Saint Anthony of Padua? Where were their souls during the period of death?—ALQUIPPA, PA.

The Gospel of St. John does not reveal anything about the state of the soul of Lazarus during death, but only that he was brought back to life by Our Lord after he was four days in the tomb. Some interpreters think his soul was in Limbo, since he could not have been in Heaven or Hell. The best thing is to admit that we don't know. This stupendous miracle, which proved Our Lord's claims, is the thing to be considered. It is a matter of dispute whether St. Anthony worked miracles during his life, but supposing he raised a man to life, the same thing applies, as said above. (See Butler-Thurston, *Lives of the Saints*, June 13).

Freedom in Dating

I am eighteen years old and have been dating a twenty-two-year-old Catholic college graduate for about a year-and-a-half. Of late I have noticed that he is getting serious and has even told me so. But inasmuch as I have four years of college ahead of me, I feel we should have a gentleman's agreement to date other people. From all I have read and have been taught in school, I feel I would like to be straightened out in my own mind before he comes home.—WOODRIDGE, N. J.

It would be the wise thing to put into practice what you have read and been taught about not being tied to someone before you are ready to enter into marriage, which in Christian teaching lasts until death. You should feel free to date other persons. You would hardly buy the first hat presented to you for sale but would very likely try on several before making your choice. Marriage is much more important than buying a hat.

"Coals of Fire," "Third Heaven"

In my daily reading of the Bible, which I have been accustomed to do for many years, I come across many passages which are a puzzle to me. These are two of them. What does St. Paul mean, when he says (2 Cor. 12:2) that he was "rapt even to the third heaven?" Is there more than one heaven? Again, he writes (Rom. 12:20), "if thy enemy be hungry, give him to eat; if he thirst give him to drink. For by doing this thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head?"—ORONO, ME.

According to the *Catholic Biblical Encyclopedia*, by Steinmuller and Sullivan, "it is impossible to know exactly what 'third heaven' means. The Jews distinguished several heavens. Probably St. Paul was following the popular division: the

first heaven (our atmosphere), the second (the region of the stars), the third (the dwelling place of God)." From the same source. "Paul recommends that we heap 'coals of fire' upon the head of our enemy. This is a metaphorical expression of the embarrassment and shame that such an enemy will feel on witnessing the benevolence with which we repay his unkindness to us."

Water and Eucharistic Fast

I understand that one is permitted to drink any kind of water at any time before receiving Holy Communion, according to the new regulations. Does this include salt water of the same density as the bloodstream? The theory is that this salt water is not absorbed by the bloodstream.
—RYAN, IOWA.

I am not familiar with the physiological aspects of this question. The present legislation of the Eucharistic fast allows one to drink any liquid that has the nature of water in the popular estimation, as often as one wishes before the reception of Holy Communion, without breaking the Eucharistic fast. The criterion for judging what is water is not chemical analysis but common opinion.

Offering Communion for Another

(1) Some time ago you answered a question about receiving Holy Communion for another. Would you kindly reprint it, as I have mislaid my copy. (2) Could you tell me if there are any retreat houses in the New York area where married couples could make retreats together?
WEST ORANGE, N. J.



(1) The expression "to offer Holy Communion" for another is an imprecise phrase and liable to misunderstanding. Though a common practice, it is somewhat difficult to explain from a strictly theological viewpoint. It is false to think that a communicant can share with another the direct sacramental fruit of his Communion so that the latter profits thereby in the same manner and measure as the actual recipient.

Holy Communion directly and *ex opere operato*, that is, by virtue of the Sacrament of the Eucharist itself, as an instrument of divine power, benefits only the recipient, not only because the effect of the Sacrament is proper only to the one who receives it worthily, but also because the Holy Eucharist, being a spiritual food, can nourish only the one who partakes of it.

As a supernatural good work, however, performed by the communicant, or *ex opere operantis*, Holy Communion can indirectly benefit both the living and the dead, for the following reasons:

The reception of Holy Communion is an excellent act of the virtue of religion and as such has a satisfactory value and a title of congruity to some extra divine favors (*de congruo*) attaching to it. These extra fruits may be ceded to another in virtue of the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ, whereby we are members of one another. Holy Communion, moreover, inspires the soul to make fervent acts of divine love and other virtues, by means of which the communicant's prayers for others have more than ordinary efficacy with God. Lastly, there are indulgences which may be gained on the occasion of Holy Communion, which the Church allows the living to apply to the souls in Purgatory.

(2) There are several retreat houses in the New York

metropolitan area, some for men and others for women, but I know of only one which accommodates married couples. It is Queen of Peace Retreat House, conducted by the monks of St. Paul's Abbey, Newton, N. J. St. Emma Retreat House, Greensburg, Pa., also provides such retreats. Three retreats for married couples are scheduled for November of this year. Further information concerning retreats for married couples may be procured from Holy Family Retreat Association, 24 W. Marshall, Phoenix, Arizona.

Illegitimates and Priesthood

Is it true that illegitimate boys cannot be admitted to the Catholic priesthood? It doesn't seem fair.—PITTSBURGH, PA.

Illegitimacy is a canonical impediment to the reception of Orders and called an irregularity. It is not a penalty but a requirement of Canon Law for the common good, in this case the dignity of the clerical state. The Air Force, for example, has its requirements for admission for the good of the service. It should not be surprising that the Church should be as careful in its requirements in accepting young men for the priesthood.

However, an illegitimate young man, whether the illegitimacy is public or occult, can be legitimated by the subsequent marriage of his parents (Canon 1116), or by papal rescript, or by solemn religious profession. One so legitimated may be admitted into a seminary.

Catholic Married to Protestant by Minister

A Catholic was married to a non-Catholic by a minister in his presbytery. A short time later she was divorced. What must she do to be reconciled to the Church?
GLENDALE, CAL.

Her attempted marriage was invalid because of lack of canonical form, that is, not contracted before an authorized priest and two witnesses; and illicit because attempted with a non-Catholic. The Church penalizes this by excommunication, the absolution of which is reserved to the Ordinary of the diocese. In order to be reconciled, she must confess her sin and repent of it. If the confessor has not been delegated by the Ordinary to handle such a case, he will obtain the faculty to do so from the Ordinary. The result will be good standing in the Church and peace of conscience which contributes so much to human happiness.

Birth Control

If Our Lord was so opposed to the practice of birth control, why did He not make it one of His ten commandments?—FOREST PARK, ILL.

God did implicitly make it one of His commandments when He declared "Thou shalt not commit adultery!" This commandment forbids not only adultery but every external action that is contrary to the orderly propagation of the human race and the virtue of purity, as the Ninth commandment forbids sinful thoughts and desires.

Artificial contraception, popularly called birth control, is directly contrary to the chief purpose of marriage and a grave sin against purity. Therefore, it is implicitly forbidden by the Sixth commandment. Marriage should be "honorable in all things and the bed undefiled." (Heb. 13:4) That artificial contraception is seriously sinful is shown in the case of Onan, who was struck dead by God "because he did a detestable thing." (Gen. 38:8-10)

PERSON TO PERSON

The advertisement for a new book by H. Allen Smith says he "tells hilarious, scandalous tales about his Westchester neighbors, he reveals the sacred secret of what goes on behind a *Person-to-Person* interview. . . ."

Well, I haven't read *Let the Crabgrass Grow*, though I mean to, because Allen Smith is my favorite namesake and I try not to miss anything he writes. However, as to that sacred secret behind *Person-to-Person*, that bugs me. That sacred secret has been a glowing coal in my bosom ever since the scandals broke about television's rigged quiz shows and Ed Murrow quit *Person-to-Person* because it was disclosed that this show was rigged, too. (Ed had always believed that when his cameras picked up Fred and Clara Nusspickel impaled against their living room sofa with Pepsodent simpers pasted on their faces, they were no less astonished by the chance encounter than he was.)

May a survivor tell what It is really like? In our house, that fateful night is always referred to as It. We look back on It with much the same sentiments that Washington's soldiers cherished for Valley Forge. And although more than a year has gone by since the performance, we are still encountering "audience reaction," as we call it in show biz.

One of us gets introduced to somebody in Logan, Utah, or Lexington, Kentucky, and with the handshake comes a faintly puzzled frown. Then the expression clears.

"Oh, yes," our Public says, "I saw you on *Person-to-Person*."

There is a silence, receptive on our part, strained on his. Our new friend bites his lip.

"Staying here long?" he says. "Or just passing through?"

THE WAY it all started, this friend of mine who is a friend of Ed Murrow's called up and asked, "How about going on *Person-to-Person*?" and I said, "Well, I don't know . . ." and the kids said, "Aw, come on, Pop, it'll be fun," so I said, "Well, okay then."

We didn't exactly finalize the deal right then, as we say in TV biz. In fact, by the time a date was set the kids were (a) married and living in Milwaukee, and (b) away at college.

We live in Connecticut at the end of

a little lane four houses in from the road. A month before the appointed day, men arrived to photograph our humble Cape Cod and measure rooms, which seemed just a little snoopy of CBS. Two weeks later, telephone linemen popped out of the woods pulling down old poles and putting up new ones festooned with transformers, cyclotrons, and Buck Rogers death-ray disintegrators, stringing wires, laying waste to our neighbor's crepe myrtle. After them came the structural steel men.

I forget which tobacco company sponsored *Person-to-Person*, but this I know; if I had foreseen, when I started smoking, what trouble it would put people to just to sell a carton of cigarettes, I'd never have switched from cornsilk.

One day I was awakened before noon by a cry, "Get an ambulance!" and a pounding on the door. A glance out the window told what had happened. Obviously, Danny Arnstein, having completed the Burma Road, had moved his entire force and all trucks, cars, armor, and heavy equipment onto our half-acre. A Jack's beanstalk of spidery steel had sprouted overnight and now towered above the trees. Our neighbor across the lane burst out of her house with blankets for two men stretched on the frozen earth.

A big truck had slipped its brakes, rolled down an incline, and pinned the men against another truck. It was feared that one had a broken back and internal injuries, but later when the ambulance had carried them away and three carloads of police had arrived to take reports in triplicate, word came from the hospital that the only serious injury was one compound leg fracture.

The tower, we were informed, was needed to pick up "the signal" and toss it to the next Connecticut ridge where an identical structure was being built to pick it up and fling it into New York. Without these monsters, and a garageful of electronic gadgets that crowded our car out into the winter, America could not have heard that deathless cue:

"Well, Red, as a sportswriter you must meet some mighty interesting people."

The entertainment world would never have been thrilled by the response:

"Well, Ed, now's you mention it, I guess I prolly do, at that."

On an evening early in *The Week*, two directors of It arrived with notebooks. Real nice guys named Charley Hill and David Moore. We had a couple of slugs and talked and they made notes. They went away and peace reigned until Friday, peace broken only by the tourists.

Evidently there is a race that reads up on approaching TV attractions and then goes snooping. Sightseers kept pulling in to park in the driveway, stroll about the premises, peer into windows, back their cars across the lawn and drive away, looking disdainful. A mid-winter thaw gave their tires excellent deep traction in the turf.

SHORTLY after noon on Friday, Charley and Dave came back with crew, mobile-unit truck, and scripts. Based on the notes they had made earlier, the scripts read like this:

Mr. Murrow: Good evening, Kay.

Kay: Ad lib.

Mr. Murrow: Good evening, Red.

Red: Ad lib.

That's the part they said was rigged.

It is said that on occasions like this your entire life flashes before your eyes, and lots of people never appreciate what a fascinating life they've had until they see this review. I know only that the details of that day are all fuzzed up in my memory.

It seems to me we went through the script once or twice with Dave or Charley impersonating Ed Murrow and the other holding a stopwatch while we tried to make up answers. Meanwhile the crew took our house apart. They shifted furniture, rearranged pictures, covered mirrors in pale blue chiffon, strung fine wires along all the wall moldings, ran cables in through open windows, set up cameras and spotlights, concealed sundry tools of Satan in the fireplace.

Mom and I went out for hamburgers—no, it was Friday—tuna fish salad. We returned to a freezing house, where the winter wind whistled through all the windows that couldn't be closed on account of the cables. There were twenty-eight guys in our house, and it is a small house.

A man hid a microphone about the size of a walnut in the lining of my necktie. He strapped on a shoulder hol-

A survivor of Ed Murrow's famous show tells what really goes on behind a "Person-to-Person" interview



ster under my jacket, holding batteries and stuff. He ran a wire down my leg and clipped it to the pants cuff. I think I was disappointed when he didn't slit my trousers and shave my head for the electrodes.

They gave Mom a mike to hide in her bosom and a girdle with pockets for the batteries and stuff. We were now wired for sound and it was about 7 P.M. The show wouldn't go on until 10.

We had what they call a "walk-through" with Mr. Murrow. No speaking parts, really, just a rehearsal of the business so everybody would know when it was time to go downstairs and show Ed a picture of Yogi Berra. We never did get to see our interlocutor, but his voice came through squawk boxes in each room.

I WAS showing him the swimming pool. When we bought this house the pool came with it, and I was self-conscious about it because we're not the Hollywood type. However, it's no bigger than a billiard table and costs no more for upkeep than a steam yacht, so I quit trying to pretend it didn't exist. I was standing back there under a mess of floodlights and all of a sudden I heard Ed's voice, very snappish:

"You people over there, near that white thing. Will you get out of there, please?"

His camera had picked up another batch of tourists who had come around behind the house and were standing alongside a little white bathhouse, or dressing-room, that we like to call our cabana. That's what burned me up, "that white thing."

Well, they chased the tourists and we got back into the house, where the temperature was now around zero. Reluctantly, the directors let Mom put on a light sweater. It was air time.

"Good evening, Kay," came the mellifluous greeting, "good evening, Red."

"G-g—g-g-good-d-devng, Mizzurmur," we said through chattering teeth. It was a smash hit, though I never did get to complain to Ed Murrow about calling our cabana that white thing. I meant to, but the fact is I've never met Ed.

BY RED SMITH

TELEVISION and RADIO

By John P. Shanley



Politics and television: does the audience look for principles or personalities?

Real-Life Spectaculars

The TV and radio networks have made more elaborate plans than ever for covering the 1960 Democratic and Republican conventions—a pair of real-life spectaculars. On hand again will be such seasoned commentators as David Brinkley, Chet Huntley, John Daly, Edward R. Murrow, Walter Cronkite, and Douglas Edwards. Hand cameras and portable radio transmitters will be employed for coverage of sudden developments on the convention floors. Remote telecasts and broadcasts will originate in party headquarters and other points in the two convention cities. A statistician for the National Broadcasting Company has estimated that 350 persons will cover the meetings for that network and that the cost—to be absorbed, at least in part, by sponsors—will be about \$3 million.

From what appears on the surface, then, it can be expected that television will be doing a valuable job of informing a huge public of what is transpiring as the two major parties select Presidential candidates.

But even more important is the role of TV in

molding the public mind on candidates and issues. There is, among political experts, some difference of opinion over the extent to which TV affects the voter. All the pundits subscribe unqualifiedly, however, to the belief that the home screen has been a potent influence that has changed campaigning.

The personality of the candidate, his voice, appearance, and ability to convey an impression of sincerity are spotlighted now as never before. The leather-lunged orator, who once boomed his windy platitudes to the galleries of great auditoriums, has gone into decline since the searching eye of the TV camera and the sensitive ear of the modern microphone began to focus on him.

Historians who have studied the lives of some great Americans of other days have discovered flaws that might have been serious handicaps to their progress in an era of electronic electioneering. George Washington, for example, is said to have worn an ill-fitting set of dentures that caused him to punctuate his public utterances with a disturbing

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whistle. A factor like this presumably could cost him ballots today among women voters.

Abraham Lincoln's features were so uneven as to make him the butt of uncomplimentary and uncharitable remarks by some of his opponents. One detractor was quoted as comparing the Great Emancipator to a "baboon."

If superficial assets mean anything on the TV screen—and they do to a limited extent—a man like Warren G. Harding might make a powerful initial impression on the TV audience. For, despite his established deficiencies as a Chief Executive, Mr. Harding, according to historian Sidney Hyman, appeared handsome, competent, and utterly sincere.

It is generally believed, however, that any public favor enjoyed by a candidate because of surface qualities is short-lived. Sig Mickelson, president of CBS News, has observed that "no television adviser can make the candidate into anything but what he really is."

Unrehearsed is Best. This statement applies especially when the politician is engaged in an unrehearsed discussion of issues without the benefit of a prepared and uninterrupted text. It may be easy enough for an office seeker, appearing on the television screen, to enjoy immunity from mistrust as he delivers sonorous generalities about vital issues, phrased in such a way as to offend virtually no one and to commit the speaker to no definite course of action if he is elected. But it is another matter for the candidate to appear before the TV cameras on a spontaneous discussion program where he is confronted with searching questions, demanding unequivocal replies, on such vital issues as relations with the Soviet Union, the admission of Communist China to the United Nations, separation of Church and State, or the advisability of raising or lowering the income tax.

There have been many examples of this kind of important discussion on programs such as *Meet the Press* and *Face the Nation*. There was a good instance of it, too, near the close of the recent primary contest in West Virginia between Senators Kennedy and Hubert H. Humphrey. They appeared on what was advertised as a television "debate." The billing was not warranted, since the senators clashed on few issues. But a period following their addresses, devoted to questions submitted by the public, was very fruitful. It required both Senators to furnish specific answers to carefully devised questions on important international and domestic issues.

There was an interesting example during this program, incidentally, of the use of a stage "prop." Senator Kennedy spoke of the economic hardship endured by unemployed West Virginians, many of them coal miners who had become dependent on Government relief for subsistence. And he held up a can of food, part of the substandard ration made available to the distressed family of an unemployed miner. The use of the prop appeared to be effective in this case, though it is a device that must be used with caution.

Give-and-Take. Another noteworthy television examination of a Presidential candidate was Vice-President Nixon's appearance on *Open End* conducted by David Susskind (THE SIGN, June 1960). The telecast, originating on New York's station

WNTA-TV, attracted tremendous interest, held as it was on the eve of the abortive summit meeting.

The willingness of Nixon to submit to a virtual "no holds barred" interrogation by Susskind for three hours and forty-five minutes represented a commendable display of political courage (to say nothing of stamina). Vice-President Nixon presumably was willing to stand the test of being required to answer probing questions about his own character and viewpoints because he realized that the program would reach an audience consisting of many voters with liberal sympathies and others whose enthusiasm for Nixon in the White House is pretty low.

Months before, on the same program, Adlai Stevenson had been questioned by Susskind. Although the moderator does not deny his preference for Stevenson as our next President, he did not seek to further the candidacy of the former Governor of Illinois. In fact, the program's host was not satisfied with Stevenson's replies on the issue of admission of Communist China to the U.N., and he indicated, by persistent questioning, that he wanted less equivocal responses.

This kind of give-and-take telecast has unquestionably been of value in informing the electorate. Although there is sobering evidence that a great part of the public suffers from a built-in allergy to any television presentation of serious content, preferring instead to seek relaxation in the unreality that is so readily available in the Western, the detective drama, or the situation comedy, nevertheless it can be assumed that to some extent TV has helped to stimulate interest in politics.

Stevenson's Plan. Adlai Stevenson has now come forward with a bold plan to use TV to even greater advantage during a Presidential election year. His proposal took the form of a bill in the Senate.

The former Governor of Illinois, after two campaigns for the White House, believes that the techniques of election are tragically old-fashioned. He is concerned about the time, energy, and money expended in electioneering. The traditional "whistle stop" campaign, he thinks, is obsolete because of the limited number of voters reached by a candidate.

His proposal for a series of "great debates" in the Lincoln-Douglas tradition would compel the three networks to make an hour available free during prime evening hours each week between September 1 and election eve. Each hour would be divided equally between the major party candidates, who would be required to use it themselves. Vice-Presidential candidates would be permitted to appear on two of the telecasts.

Because of the compulsory element in the Senate bill, as originally drafted, the networks understandably have expressed opposition to it. But there have been heartening indications that the proposal may yield results, perhaps in a voluntary offering of time on the same basis suggested by Stevenson.

The prospects for such an arrangement certainly are brighter now than they would have been even a year ago. The failure of the medium to meet its responsibilities as a source of information has come under sharp criticism in the past few months. CBS and NBC are indicating a greater willingness to cover major news developments even when, to do so, they must cancel revenue-producing programs. A noteworthy example was the extensive coverage in May of the summit meeting in Paris.

The Gregorian Institute of America has acclaimed C. Alexander Peloquin as one of the country's outstanding liturgical composers. He is also perhaps the busiest. For the forty-one-year-old Peloquin, who has had some forty compositions published, lectures on music at colleges, directs choral groups, and is director of music at the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, Providence, R. I. A hard task-master, Peloquin is uncommonly successful in communicating his own enthusiasm for what Leonard Bernstein calls "the sheer, sportive joy of perceiving music." Peloquin's creativeness is endowed with excitement; a Mass he composed in honor of St.

Michael the Archangel was first presented in church by a mixed choir, the congregation, organ, four trombones, two string basses, and three trumpets. His "Apostles' Creed" was heard at the Vatican Pavilion at the 1958 World's Fair in Brussels. The composer is esteemed for his Peloquin Chorale, which has been heard for many years over NBC's *Catholic Hour*. The members of the Chorale buy their own tuxedos and gowns, pay for lessons and transportation themselves; the group's first commercial LP album covers a thirteen-century range of Christian choral music. Peloquin also coaches a cloistered community of Cistercian nuns in chant.

Alexander



MAGNETIC
MAESTRO

THE SIGN'S PEOPLE OF THE MONTH

Alexander Peloquin: "Music has nothing
to fear from the space age"

PHOTOS BY PIX



Marie Dachauer: dedicating her life to comforting the lepers

TO LEPERS

It took quite a while for Marie Dachauer to work up enthusiasm for helping lepers, the outcasts of humanity. But when the idea clicked in 1946, it became the consuming interest in her life. Miss Dachauer founded Friends of the Lepers, Inc., a group of lay people who have sent 130,000 pounds of clothing and \$100,000 in cash to leprosariums from the Philippines to India and Japan to New Guinea. Twenty-five leper colonies receive regular monthly grants of \$25 to \$50, raised by Miss Dachauer's quarterly newsletter published at 2714 J St., Sacramento, Calif. Prompted by a missionary, Marie gave up a career as a department-store executive and launched her apostolate, which was quickly approved by the diocese. Now she works for the *Catholic Herald*, diocesan weekly, and devotes all her spare time to collecting and shipping goods overseas. At her own expense, she visited leprosariums in the Pacific for first-hand knowledge of the lepers' needs. In 1957 she became the first woman appointed to the International Catholic Center assisting lepers. She hopes that some day the band of men and women working with her in Sacramento can be expanded into a lay institute. Not the least among the compensations of such work are the letters she receives from the leper colonies: "We long for the boxes you send, containing such treasures. . . . Your medicine has relieved pain."

What Will Protestants Bring?

BY KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.



MANY Protestants regard with deep seriousness the divisions of Christianity. They, too, believe that Christ founded only one Church, and to them the division of Christendom is not only a scandal but an absurdity. In their efforts toward unity, some Protestants may be tempted to ignore the Catholic Church and to concentrate on uniting all the Protestant churches into one; yet ultimately they know that this too is no solution. The true Christian can be no more satisfied with two churches than he can with two hundred: Christ founded only one.

No Christian can complacently accept the divisions which sin has caused. There is only one faith, and one Lord, and one baptism, and the Christian lives in the consciousness that men have broken the last will and testament of Christ: "That they may all be one." Implicit in the Christian vocation is the call to work for the return of all to one fold and one Shepherd.

For many Protestants, the prospect of reunion with the Catholic Church is a thing greatly to be feared. To them it seems like a journey into the night, a leap in the dark, in which they are called to strip themselves of all that has been their religious life and their religious history and give themselves up to complete remaking. The Catholic promise of a doctrine preserved from error tempts many Protestants very little or not at all, for the infallible security of Catholic doctrine looks to them very much like security of the prison.

In order to return to the Catholic Church, they believe they have to admit their absolute spiritual poverty, that the heritage of the Reformation contains nothing of worth. To Rome they bring only nakedness. Rome will then clothe their shame with its ruthless rightness, its implacable truth, its impeccable legalism, and its eternal moralities.

This concept of reunion quite naturally repels the Protestant, and rightly so. The Catholic Church has never conceived reunion in terms of Protestant

nakedness. The Church teaches that Christ gave the whole of Revelation to His Church, which heralds the good news through time and the world. It teaches that its infallible teaching authority guards the faith from all error. None of Christ's truth is to be found in Protestantism which is not found first in Catholicism. The truths of Protestantism are Catholic truths—a rock from a gold-bearing vein is itself gold-bearing, said Pius XI. When and if Protestants return to the Church, they will not bring with them truths which were formerly missing from Catholic doctrine. Their return will not add to the doctrinal content of the Church.

This is not to be interpreted to mean that all the Protestants bring to Rome is their nakedness or that their return is simply a case of Protestant poverty in contrast to Catholic riches. It is freely admitted that, in areas where Protestantism has preserved the religious truth she took from the Catholic Church at the Reformation, Protestantism has produced sanctity and made great contributions to an understanding of Revelation.

There are numerous Catholics who are less sensitive to the idea of grace as a free gift than some Protestants. Some Protestants have a deeper awareness of Christ's second coming at the end of time and of its importance for our spiritual life.

Reverence for the word of God as a living word, a word imparting life, gives an admirable biblical character to Protestantism. And in this lies the power of Protestant mysticism and the source of the great holiness to be found among many Protestants. So great has been their love of the Bible that, unfortunately, the reading of the Bible in the family circle is thought to be an exclusively Protestant practice. Their devotion to the word of God has given rise to important studies in biblical archeology, in the study of the life of Christ in the context of its historical background. These studies, though not al-

ways without error, have, where they remain faithful to the truth, brought the person of Christ close to Protestant hearts.

Protestant spirituality revolves around two poles: the absolute holiness of God and the sinfulness of man. The Holy One is the God of Majesty, the Separated One, the Entirely Other. At the very center of Protestant spirituality stands the cross, which is a judgment upon man and his sinfulness. The cross does more than pass judgment upon man's past sinfulness or on the general sinfulness of man. The cross as the sign of contradiction continually issues judgment on man today, convicting man of his sin, convicting all purely human institutions of their poverty, convicting the world of its great betrayal. The cross not only judges, it also preaches, and it proclaims, "the death of the Lord until He comes."

All of these religious truths are found in the Catholic Church, and there are many Catholics who are sensitive to their importance for the spiritual life. But some Protestants show a deeper appreciation of their value and return more frequently to them for spiritual nourishment. In this they are models for Catholic imitation.

Our loss when they left was great, and our gain when they return will be great. Though they do not bring with them religious truths not already found in the Church, they do come with a rich heritage of religious insights. Their return will remind us of our own treasures which in some cases they have exploited better than we.

We invite them back, not as paupers who have nothing to give, but as our brothers who will insert all their Christian values and experiences into the fullness of Christian Revelation and thus enrich us. Their Christian, spiritual realities will be retained intact, now made whole and transfigured because not isolated, no longer stray fragments because embodied in the totality of Christ's truth.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE DREAM LIVES FOREVER

By Katherine Burton. 238 pages.
Longmans, Green. \$4.50

The dream was that of the first Archbishop of New York, the great John Hughes. It was of a majestic new cathedral like those in which he had prayed in France and Germany, a cathedral that would be in the very heart of the see city. John Hughes saw New York growing, ever spreading north along Manhattan Island. "Hughes' Folly" scoffers called his vision of a great church far out, at the time, from the city boundaries, in brush and waste land. Today, the noble church dedicated to Saint Patrick is, indeed, by the God-given foresight of the Archbishop, centrally placed "where the marts of the world assemble their wealth, where the art of other days gathers as in its own home, where the letter giveth life . . . and over all, twin spires pointing the way to God."

This is the story of St. Patrick's Cathedral, of John Hughes who laid the cornerstone and saw its walls slowly rise, of Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop Corrigan, Cardinals Farley, Hayes, and Spellman, who, each in their turn, have made the great church a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Katherine Burton tells the story, in narration and description, as faithfully as a monkish chronicler might devotedly have told the story of Rheims or Chartres, or of Cologne, after which St. Patrick's was most closely modeled. The great church has embraced so many divergent people and events that often the author is able to give only a few knees to happenings that were memorable in the Catholic life of the city—and in New York's civic life. But it is all here, from the plain, sturdy chair in which Archbishop Hughes sat in the dusty underbrush at the cornerstone-laying to the sculptured bronze doors with which Francis Cardinal Spellman has carried out the founder's vision and trust.

His Eminence, in a foreword, justly says: "The grandeur of this holy place has lifted up the lowly and taught humility to the mighty. At its portals the world seems left behind and every advancing step brings heaven nearer and deepens the soul's union with Divinity."

DORAN HURLEY.



Mrs. Burton

FREE SPEECH IN THE CHURCH

By Karl Rahner, S.J. 112 pages.
Sheed & Ward. \$2.75

The Catholic Church casts a disapproving eye on that spurious form of democracy which seeks to reduce all things to a common denominator of vulgarity—where Kinsey Reports and Gallup Polls are used to determine laws of morality and religion. A popular poll has no more power to decide the existence of God than it has to decide the existence of germs. People do not make truth—they discover it.

But there is a vast difference between closing an argument concerning the existence of a truth and closing one's mind to further understanding of it. When the Catholic Church speaks

about the existence of religious truths, such as those summarized in the Apostles' Creed, she no longer permits her members to call these truths in question. But she not only permits, but pleads with her children to study these sacred truths in order to penetrate their meaning more profoundly. In this way the mind of the Church grows from age to age—and the mind of the individual Catholic deepens in insight and wisdom.

It is in this area of deepening understanding, the grasp of the "total view" and the application of old truths to new situations, that there arises in the Church, at times, conflicting opinions, and also the formation of a "public opinion."

Pius XII has expressed himself very forcefully on the need for liberty of discussion concerning vast areas of reality not defined by Church authority—and he has also appealed for the formation of intelligent public opinion within the Church, an opinion which he declared to be normal to every healthy society, including the society of the Church. He defined public opinion as "the natural echo, the common resounding, more or less spontaneously, of events and the present situation in man's mind and judgment. Where public opinion fails to manifest itself, where it does not exist at all—whatever the reason for its silence or absence—it must be regarded as something morally evil, a malady, a disease of social life."

The area of free discussion, particularly where old truths are applied to new situations, is large indeed, and Bishop Rahner, the author of the present book, explores this field with keen insights and offers important conclusions concerning the necessity of such "public opinion" in maintaining the vitality of a Christian community, and even in the development of doctrine and enactment of wise legislation.

In the second essay of the book, the bishop speaks of prospects for the future of Christianity. He writes out of the situation of his native country, Germany, and reflects a certain deep gloom about the present paganism enveloping the lives of many Christians. But underneath the gloom, which probably has been deepened by too provincial a view, there pulsates the deeper optimism inherent in Christianity. A thoughtful book, academic and somewhat stuffy in style, but well worth careful reading in our day.

GERARD ROONEY, C.P.

SIGN SURVEY

OF BEST-SELLING BOOKS

Reported for the July issue by leading Catholic book stores across the nation

1. **COUNSELLING THE CATHOLIC.** By Hagmaier & Gleason. \$4.50. Sheed & Ward
2. **THE CATHOLIC MARRIAGE MANUAL.** By Msgr. George A. Kelly. \$4.95. Random House
3. **THE NIGHT THEY BURNED THE MOUNTAIN.** By Dr. Thomas Dooley. \$3.95. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy
4. **THIS IS ROME.** By Sheen, Morton, & Karsh. \$4.95. Hawthorn
5. **THIS IS YOUR TOMORROW . . . AND TODAY.** By Fr. M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. \$3.95. Bruce
6. **THE CATHOLIC YOUTH'S GUIDE TO LIFE AND LOVE.** By Msgr. George A. Kelly. \$3.95. Random House
7. **IMITATION OF CHRIST.** Trans. by Knox & Oakley. \$2.50. Sheed & Ward
8. **THE BOOK OF MARY.** By Daniel Rops. \$4.95. Hawthorn
9. **LOVE ONE ANOTHER.** By Louis Colin, C.Ss.R. \$4.25. Newman
10. **JESUS CHRISTUS.** By Romano Guardini. \$2.75. Regnery

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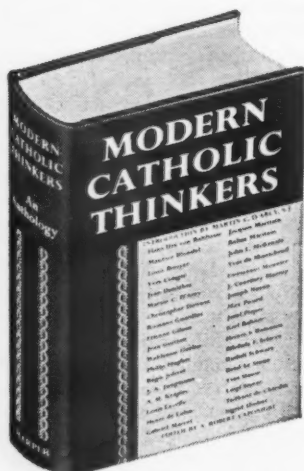
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St. Francis of Assisi

Translated by
LEO SHERLEY-PRICE



The Mirror of Perfection, in a modern translation, together with all of St. Francis' known writings. \$4.50



Edited, with an introduction,
by **A. ROBERT CAPONIGRI**

University of Notre Dame

Preface by **MARTIN C. D'ARCY, S.J.** This huge anthology is a thorough presentation of the works of the great frontier thinkers in contemporary Catholicism. 636 pages. \$15.00

Christian Yoga

By
J. M. DECHANT, O.S.B.

The Christian use of an ancient discipline written by a French Benedictine. \$3.75

At your bookseller

HARPER & BROTHERS



DOCTOR TOM DOOLEY, MY STORY

151 pages. Ariel Books. \$2.95

According to the publisher, this book has been prepared especially for young readers. However, it's evident that the volume also could serve as an introduction to that "Splendid American"—Dr. Tom Dooley—for adults as well.

Three volumes are condensed in this book, two earlier Dooley books, *Deliver Us From Evil* and *The Edge of Tomorrow*, and the newly published *The Night They Burned the Mountain*. While abridgement was necessary in order to telescope these volumes into one easy-to-manage book, the publisher has preserved the zest, the zeal, the essential spirit of this young doctor who has devoted his life to aiding the sick and destitute in primitive regions of Indo-China.

With Dr. Dooley, the spirit is the important thing. And his spirit shines through the pages of this book, from the moment in 1954 when he accepts an assignment to build refugee camps in North Viet Nam until late in 1959 when he returns to Laos after a successful cancer operation in this country.

What happens between those two dates has become an American legend already explored in press, radio, and television. But to know Dr. Dooley, one must meet him in the pages of his books. Without undue heroics, without self-consciousness, with humor and compassion, he manages to make the reader a part of his vocation.

Dr. Dooley shuns literary pretensions. He tells his story informally as if he were talking over a cup of coffee in your kitchen. And he makes a magnificent guest in any house, particularly one with young people about.

The book is profusely illustrated with photographs.

ROBERT CORMIER.

GOD IS MY LIFE

By **Thomas Merton & Shirley Burden.**
Reynal. 91 pages. \$6.00

Shirley Burden is an artist with a camera. *God is My Life* is an exquisitely beautiful volume of remarkable photographs taken by Mr. Burden at the famed Trappist Monastery, the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani. The photographs portray various phases of a Trappist's daily life.

Here are pictures of monks at prayer, at work, and at rest; pictures of the buildings, fields, and other physical features common to such monasteries. From a purely materialistic viewpoint they are superb works of art. But there is something here that transcends art—something that symbolizes the real

meaning of Gethsemani. At Gethsemani everything reminds you of God. An invisible, yet omnipotent, aura of spirituality "surrounds you in a wonderful way." It is this mysterious spiritual quality that Mr. Burden has magically captured on nearly every page of this book. Those who have eyes to see and the taste to appreciate what they see will find it esthetically delightful and spiritually moving. "What we have," says Thomas Merton in his moving and enlightening introduction, "is a Trappist monastery, the oldest and largest in the western world, seen not as a sociological phenomenon but as a religious mystery."

CHARLES A. CUNEO.

CHRIST AND APOLLO

By **William Lynch, S.J.** 267 pages.
Sheed & Ward. \$5.00



Father Lynch

Nietzsche and Spengler have accustomed serious readers to the contrariety and the pairing of Dionysius and Apollo—energy and form, infinite and finite, enthusiasm and control, romantic and classic. The author of this brilliant volume of aesthetic theorizing has chosen Apollo to represent a kind of infinite dream over against Christ who was full of definiteness and actuality. Apollo, so symbolized, stands for everything that is weak and pejorative in the "aesthetic man." Christ, on the other hand, stands for the Man who, in taking on our human nature, does not rush pell-mell to beauty, the infinite, the dream. *Christ and Apollo*, while positing Christ as the Creator and the actuality behind a new imagination and a new creativity, explores the dichotomy its title suggests.

The above paragraph may seem somewhat abstruse, yet it is descriptive of the subject matter and style of Father Lynch's latest book. Like his well-received *The Image Industries*, this present volume also treats of certain parallelisms existing between the artist and the theologian. In the main, *Christ and Apollo* deals with the fundamental relevancy of literature. Accordingly, it delves into the problems of comedy and tragedy, the historical and the creative, offering finespun theories to the works of such writers as Sophocles, Camus, Greene, Proust, and Eliot.

Christ and Apollo is a distinctive and distinguished study of the literary imagination. Regrettably its appeal is primarily to the aesthetician and the theologian: only they can fully respond to its provocative theorems and subtleties of creative thought.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

LETTER
TO MR.

By Ms.
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\$4.00

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LETTERS OF MOTHER SETON TO MRS. JULIANNA SCOTT

By Msgr. Joseph B. Code. 294 pages.
Father Burgio Memorial Foundation.
\$4.00

For more than twenty years, Elizabeth Ann Seton wrote faithfully to her girlhood friend, Julianna. The correspondence began in 1798, when Mrs. Scott, newly widowed, left New York for Philadelphia. Elizabeth writes with loving concern for her well-being, telling her of the loss of her Wall Street home when William Seton's shipping company became bankrupt, of the births of their five children, their illnesses, and the deaths of relatives. When her husband became consumptive, they traveled to Italy to restore his health, but he died at the home of their friends, the Filicchis, in Pisa. Here Elizabeth saw a fine example of Catholic family life which so strongly attracted her that she was received into the Church a year later.

Although her Protestant relations abandoned Elizabeth, Julianna remained constant, sending frequent and substantial gifts of money. Through the Filicchis, who also helped generously, Elizabeth made the contacts which brought the invitation to found the first community of the Daughters of Charity in the United States. Of Elizabeth's work as foundress and superior at Emmitsburg, we read very little in these letters. They show her in her family circle, affectionate, often in sorrow, but ever determined to "look up."

Elizabeth was deeply concerned for the spiritual welfare of her friend. Without preaching, she gently reminded Julia that the affairs of this life are passing and to take thought for eternity that they might be united in God. Through her detachment and charity, Mother Seton brought this friendship to the highest spiritual level.

PAULA BOWES.

1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

By Walter Johnson. 380 pages.
Little, Brown. \$6.00

This is not another election-year book, nor is it a work of fiction. It is the intensely dramatic story of "presidents and the people" in the years 1929-1959—a timely reminder that great men are rare indeed and that a leader for troubled times is not often or easily found.

Dr. Johnson is an accomplished historian with strong personal preferences for the liberal side of the Democratic Party aisle. These preferences are much in evidence throughout this extremely readable and well-documented story of our last four presidents: Hoo-

ver, Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower.

Refusing to spare his targets, he pinpoints the socio-economic errors of Hoover, the egotism of Roosevelt, the ward politician temperament of Truman, and the superficiality of Eisenhower.

Johnson points out the political truism that on a strong, wise, chief executive, of whom we have had few, depends the "progress and survival of American democracy." He reviews the course of the last three decades from the bonus riots in Washington to the policies of rule by public relations. His reviews of the McCarthy era, the rape of the Foreign Service, the dismissal of General MacArthur, the Roosevelt era, bring back a flood of memories. To all these facts and events, Johnson brings perspective and effective grouping while communicating a sense of the motion of history. His own devotion to the democratic ideal is strong and sure, as his sympathetic defense of Stevenson reveals.

The book lends direction for our times.

ROBERT FINLEY DELANEY.

NUCLEAR POLICY FOR WAR AND PEACE

By Thomas E. Murray. 241 pages.
World. \$4.00

For those who have harbored a twinge of conscience about the morality of nuclear "massive retaliation," this thought-provoking volume will bring no assurance. In fact, one can only conclude, if the author is correct, that multimegaton destruction is not only shabby from a moral viewpoint but is extremely poor military strategy as well.

The troubled man raising the doubt is a former member of the Atomic Energy Commission (1950-1957) and a distinguished Catholic layman (see p. 26). He cannot be accused of ignorance or softness toward Communism. That a successful industrialist would urge an unpopular thesis so lucidly and sincerely—and no doubt at considerable sacrifice to himself—is ample testimony both to the gravity of the situation and the character of the man himself.

Mr. Murray charges that our nuclear decisions are the product of a bevy of disjointed and "faceless" bureaucrats, shrouded by a cloak of secrecy. This makes the whole matter of national nuclear policy extremely irritating and of deep personal concern to all of us.

Chief among the author's proposals is an insistence that we develop nuclear



Thomas Murray

New Books for Summer Reading

THE SECRET OF DREAMS

by Pedro Meseguer, S.J.

Translated by Paul Burns

Father Meseguer, an internationally acknowledged expert in the field, provides a guide to the understanding of dreams, and surveys the entire realm of dreams in relation to man's life and destiny. Especially provocative are the chapters on the important role dreams can play in spiritual direction. A Catholic Book Club Selection

\$4.75

PETER CLAVER: Saint of the Slaves

by Angel Valtierra, S.J.

Translated by J. H. Perry and L. J. Woodward

A new and authoritative biography of St. Peter Claver, and the first to make use of all the available material concerning his life. The author has carried out research into the life and background of the saint and has examined and described in detail the slave trade of the early seventeenth century. A Catholic Book Club Selection

\$4.75

OBERAMMERGAU AND ITS PASSION PLAY

by Elisabethe Corathiel

A recognized authority on the Oberammergau Passion Play, Elisabethe Corathiel presents a complete guide to the play, the townspeople who take part in it, and the beautiful Bavarian countryside which forms its setting. Illustrated.

\$3.00

OBERAMMERGAU: Scene of the Passion Play

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Photographs by Lotte Eckener

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weapons designed to take on limited
assignments. Secondly, he urges the in-
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asks more democracy in the setting of
our national nuclear goals instead of
a concentration of "the power to de-
cide" in an anonymous oligarchy.

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cult to minimize the seriousness of the
evils he describes. That he has had the
courage to speak out so forcefully is
something for which we must all be
grateful. Mr. Murray has made impera-
tive the need for swift action.

FRANCIS X. GALLAGHER.

THE FUTURE IS OURS, COMRADE

By Joseph Novak. 286 pages.
Doubleday. \$3.95

This is an outstanding and unusual
report from the U.S.S.R. Though it
offers few revelations, it brings us an
entirely new approach to things we
think we know. The men behind the
Iron Curtain believe that the future
is theirs. The author, of course, does
not agree, but he tries to repeat for us
the words he heard, and the very tone
in which they were uttered. For he
had the rare, almost unique opportunity
to live with the Russians as one of
them, and to record in his notes, as
on magnetic tape, these often thrilling
conversations.

"As in every society," writes Mr.
Novak, "the life of a man in the
U.S.S.R. is too complicated to be
described in a few generalizations and
labels." Without falling into the trap
of sweeping statements, the author does
draw a few conclusions of a quite
definite character. The Russians do not
particularly like that future which "be-
longs to them," nor do they specially
dislike the one the free world is look-
ing forward to. They merely know *no
other pattern* than their own. They are
accustomed to it since early childhood.
They are not so much "brainwashed"
as "brain stamped," which is more fatal.
The past, the revolution with Lenin
and then Stalin, the present with
Khrushchev—such is their natural moral
and physical habitat. They have been
trained to live in a society entirely
different from ours. They measure things
according to their standards, not ours.

One of the most interesting chapters
in the book is entitled "In the Cage."
It describes a world strictly organized
and collectivized, from top to bottom.
Organization and collectivization in the
U.S.S.R. "begin at home" and then
reach out to every branch of life. And
yet the author makes a point in show-
ing us that inside "the cage" people
are *not* robots. "To me," he writes, "the

important thing was that this life is led
by human beings and therefore war-
ranted a careful study." This in itself
makes Mr. Novak's notes extremely
valuable and, at the same time, stirring.

HELENE ISWOLSKY.

THE VIEW FROM THE FORTIETH FLOOR

By Theodore H. White. 468 pages.
Sloane. \$4.95

The reader, young or
old, may sometime
have heard of the
passing of a well-
established, popular
magazine. Casual re-
ference might be made
to the extinction of
such one-time reli-
ables as the *Literary
Digest*, the old humorous *Life*, *Judge*,
Liberty and the recent *Collier's*. A
faithful reader will regret the death of
a favorite magazine that through the
years has been a means of escape or
a friendly mentor purveying news and
varied information.

Mr. Theodore White, who has pro-
duced three successful novels, has now
written of the life and the death throes
of two companion magazines, *Trumpet*
and *Gentlewoman*. These two great
mythical organs, once molders of
American thought and arbiters of what
the typical Jones family should wear,
eat, and do, are now slowly fading. It
is the old story of the doctor becoming
sick. Competitive periodicals whisper,
'Don't look now, but their circulation
has fallen.'

The board of the General American
Publishing Company call in John
Ridgely Warren to resuscitate the ailing
magazines. Warren, a former news-
man, governmental bureaucrat, and
internationalist, has hope and faith in
his mission. But competitors, creditors,
and advertisers have no charity.

By direct mail offers and intensive
advertising, he boosts the circulation
figures to an all-time high. It is too
late; his advertising space has sunk to
an all-time low. With the loss of ad-
vertising income, he is unable to pay
the paper, ink, and general supply bills.

In the din of battle, Warren finds
time to resume friendship with his di-
vorced wife. He woos her again no less
valiantly than he struggles with his en-
emies in the market place.

Mr. White tells a fascinating story
of the inner conflicts in the publishing
world where magnates and hucksters
buy and sell authors, artists, space,
average readers, and circulation guar-
antees, to the deep obligato of rum-
bling presses.

PAUL QUINN.



Theodore White

POWER AND PERSUASION

By John Franklin Carter. 200 pages.
Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$3.95

As a veteran of both Republican and Democratic presidential campaigns, John Franklin Carter assured a skeptical Harry Truman in 1948 that he would win. He also claims credit for the phrase, New Deal, in a breezy insider's account of a career of putting words into the open mouths of politicians.

When Mr. Carter is writing firsthand, his experiences and observations reward the patient reader who has managed to overlook much routine information available in the nearest encyclopedia and some incredible off-the-cuff generalizations.

One example of Carter logic is probably enough. Commenting on the famous Eisenhower campaign promise to go to Korea, he writes: "Ike was elected. He did go to Korea. He did stop the fighting and end the war."

Although Mr. Carter now regards the Democratic Party as "schizophrenic to the point of hysteria" and "basically feminine" and the Republican Party as "more creative and masculine in its psychology," he is too much of a professional to ignore the realities of politics no matter which party is involved. When he spells out some of these realities, he is certainly non-partisan. He obviously knows a great deal about political graft, pressure, and maneuvering and when he gets down to such matters, he excels.

However, when Mr. Carter analyzes he oversimplifies, and when he describes he leaves out too many of the wonderful details he could undoubtedly add. Though it may be unfair, the observation is unavoidable that this book has the style of a political speech, moving from a general windup to a sustained middle and a climactic ending. It is never dull, but its promise is greater than its payment.

ED WAKIN.

THE SWORD OVER THE MANTEL

By J. Bryan, III. 123 pages.
McGraw-Hill. \$3.75

This is a slim little volume, but do not let the size fool you. It is worth its weight in Civil War anecdotes. The jacket writer says that this is an "amusing memoir" about the unreconstructed Confederates, and he is 100 per cent right. Mr. Bryan is full of good tales about The War and the Bryans.

Mr. Bryan tells how he grew up in a home where his first childish assumption was that there had been only one war: "The War, like The Flood." And

"the enemy was always the same: Pharaoh's army, wearing blue coats and forage caps."

But of all the Bryan family characters, I think my favorite is Uncle Teasey, whose real name was St. George Tucker Coalter Bryan, and whose nickname came from his middle initials, T. C. Mr. Bryan's father, as Uncle Teasey's namesake, had his privileges, but one time he overstepped them. He jokingly referred to "General Robert Quincy Lee."

At the mere mention of "Quincy," Mr. Bryan's father knew he had gone too far. Before Uncle Teasey could speak, he said: "Forgive me, sir! I'll never be guilty of such impertinence again."

In the Bryan household, you see, Robert E. Lee ranked just below the Holy Trinity.

The author used to work for the late Douglas Southall Freeman, helping out with the editorials on the Richmond News-Leader. So he must remember that Dr. Freeman once called Robert Selph Henry's *The Story of the Confederacy* the best book as a starter on the War. If Dr. Freeman were still alive, he might put *The Sword Over the Mantel* in there, too.

HARRY SCHLEGEL.

THE LEOPARD

By Giuseppe Di Lampedusa. 320 pages.
Pantheon. \$4.50

Sicily, the island compost heap of European cultures, colonial systems, and ancient superstitions infiltrating the Catholic faith and always warring with the cool and holy rationalism of Rome—the island of the



G. Di Lampedusa

Mafia and Giuliano the bandit, the same Sicily, a century ago, is the setting of this book. The central character, the Prince of Salina, Don Fabrizio, is, we are told, based upon the author's great-grandfather. The time is that of Garibaldi's landings and the liquidation of the Bourbons.

The book moves like a stately minuet danced in a Medici palace already in transition to be used as a cowshed. Don Fabrizio, bearish but lovable, effectively dominates his principality, peasantry, family, even his learned, detached, and unruffled chaplain, the Jesuit Father Pirrone. With beautifully satiric effect, the author manipulates the central puppet at family prayers, at the hunt, in sin, observing the stars (he is a learned man), fatalistic in his anticipation of the imminent death of his class. There is a magnificent opening, setting the

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whole tone of the book, with the family at prayer, kneeling on tiles upon which are depicted the figures of ancient mythology.

All exist in a miasma of egotism and sensuality, contrasting with the old retainers, the butler, the church organist, who preserve, in themselves, something of the austere spirit of aristocracy. But no hint of the truly spiritual touches the healthy and quite likable beasts who perform to the late Prince di Lampedusa's music.

This is a decorous book, beautifully composed, the fruit of a long lifetime given to the cultivation of the arts.

It is pleasant to read, like listening to Mozart on the radio during an air raid. But it is, in itself, unimportant. Possibly characteristic of Sicily, it lacks spiritual life and depth. In lazy, courteous despair, Don Fabrizio watches his type of society perish and leaves it to the Liberal political jobbers who are going to make all things perfect.

One hundred years later, Sicily still is almost uniquely imperfect among European communities. But if it is dying, it is, like the last English Stuart king, taking an "unconscionable" amount of time about the business.

W. J. IGOE.

NINE MONTHS' READING

By Robert E. Hall, M.D. 191 pages. Doubleday. \$2.95

It is seldom easy for a woman to live through the impatient nine months preceding the birth of a child. To the pregnant woman, it would seem there are hundreds of questions she would like answered. She is interested not only in her symptoms, but in physiologic changes she is undergoing. Too, she wonders about doctors, hospitals, fees, and a host of other considerations.

She will find her questions answered in Dr. Hall's *Nine Months' Reading*. In an eminently readable, moderately priced book, Dr. Hall has done a superlative job of explaining pregnancy, labor, and delivery. He also discusses such things as Natural Childbirth, breast versus bottle feeding, types of anesthesia, the rooming-in plans, and scores of other relative things.

His words are addressed to the woman of intelligence who wishes to be better informed.

Interspersed with witty and wise remarks, it is a wonderfully informative book. And it is written with an air of kindness that begets reassurance. There are excellent illustrations by Robert Demarest, which help greatly in understanding the text.

Dr. Hall's sparse remarks on sterilization and birth control must be discounted in a few places, as some of them are contrary to moral law. Other-

wise the book is heartily recommended. It supplements the doctor's care and can be used as a helpful adjunct to his advice.

For every mother-to-be, it is destined to ease her mind and increase her knowledge. Told with dignity, the book makes the miracle of child-bearing seem the joyful event it should be in the life of a woman fulfilling her God-given destiny.

MARY ELIZABETH REEDY.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CHURCH.

By Yves Congar, O. P. 186 pages. Helicon. \$4.75. Many people today have an image of the Church as a vast political structure, a power organization. Catholics deplore this superficial and false image. For those who want to really know what the Church is, her inner and eternal nature flowing from God throughout mankind and back to God again, this book by the profound scholar, Father Congar, will be an excellent guide. The first section is popular and devotional. The second section, more academic, was originally written for students. The book engenders love and enthusiasm for the reality of the Church and the rich, divine life she shares with her members.

CATECHISM OF CATHOLIC SOCIAL TEACHING.

By Amintore Fanfani. 208 pages. Newman. \$2.95. During the past century the Popes have carefully elaborated the social doctrine of the Church. The documents have become very numerous; consequently, it is helpful to beginners and general students to have a handy "digest" such as offered by this book.

Dr. Fanfani has the advantage of having known theory and practice. He was a professor of economics, deputy in the Italian Parliament, Minister of Public Works, Minister of Agriculture, Minister of the Interior, and President of the Council of Ministers. The present list of questions which he has compiled ranges over the basic nature of Man and Society, the Family, the State and the Citizen, the Church and its relations with the State, the Economic Order and International Society.

The Catechism is useful as an aid for general readers. Application of these principles require much greater acquaintance with the social teaching of the Church.

ARCHITECTURAL FOLLIES IN AMERICA.

By Clay Lancaster. 243 pages. Tuttle. \$7.50. The good old summertime brings vast numbers of vacationers touring the highways and byways of America, inspecting the scenery and the "sights." Here is a book full of "sights" ranging from the mildly amusing to the most bizarre. About the only thing it proves is that when a man with capital sets out to build a house you never know what may turn out, up, or over.

Beginning with some rather weird examples in the Old World, the author roams the forty-eight states to gather in some fifty examples of architectural Americana, ranging from Wright's Folly in San Francisco to the Elephant Hotels of Coney Island and Margate City. Humor, information, and some quiet wisdom are reflected in these pages filled with color and line illustrations and always supported by an interesting text.

BUT WHAT IS GREATNESS? By Sister Mary Gabriel, S.S.M., and Jane L. Berdes. 131 pages. Sisters of Mary, St. Louis. \$3.50. The great works of God usually have obscure beginnings which gradually evolve amid human hardships. This biography traces the familiar Catholic theme in the life of Mother Mary Odilia, Foundress of the Sisters of Mary.

OUR REVIEWERS

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W. J. IGOE, formerly News Editor and Drama Critic for *London Catholic Herald*; Member of editorial staff of *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Chicago.

HELENE ISWOLSKY, author, teacher and lecturer. Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa. Russian born. B.A. at Sorbonne, Paris.

PAUL QUINN, A.B., freelance writer and writing advertising copy with an agency in New York City.

MARY ELIZABETH REEDY, A.B. (Rosemont College, Phila., Pa.), mother of eight, manages to find time for reviewing books.

REV. GERARD ROONEY, C.P., is Literary Editor of *THE SIGN*.

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EDWARD WAKIN, former New York newspaper man and foreign correspondent, is a freelance writer and assistant professor of communications at Fordham University.

A CATHOLIC PRESIDENT

(Continued from page 14)

adherence to the provisions of the Constitution as of now as well as for the future.

What do some Catholic spokesmen of high rank mean when they say that truth alone has rights—error has no rights? What practical conclusions follow?

As a first consideration, let us remember that these are abstract propositions, and as such presuppose a distinction between the objective and subjective order of truth. As Cardinal Lercaro states in his article which appeared in the *Catholic Mind* of February of this year, "When one affirms that truth is objective, by that very fact he admits of a distinction between truth itself and the act by which the individual yields to truth. Hence, in recognizing the objectivity of truth, the individual is, at the same time, establishing the right to personal freedom" (page 18).

"Truth" alone has rights must be understood in the sense that it alone—not error as such—can claim the allegiance of the human mind. Truth is imperious and exclusive, with an absolute and eternal value. From a practical viewpoint we must remember that rights and duties can be predicated only of human persons. We cannot attribute rights or duties to abstract nouns or soulless concepts. Hence, when it comes to a delineation of the rights and duties of an individual or a society, we

must consider not only objective truth but the freedom and personality with which God has endowed the human mind and will. A truth imposed is not a truth accepted as such. Persuasion and conviction alone can generate truth in the human mind. Consequently, no adverse conclusions can be drawn from the propositions quoted in the question against either tolerance or freedom of conscience.

Where can one find the most authoritative and clearest statement of Catholic principles in relation to the subjects we have discussed?

Not in the much quoted writings or encyclicals of Boniface VIII or in the *Syllabus of Errors* of Pius IX; not in the sense that their teaching is rescinded, but in the sense that they cannot be rightly understood outside their historical context. They are couched in a language of polemics as well as of exposition.

The mind of the Church can be best understood in the writings of the modern popes, especially Leo XIII and Pius XII. Let me quote at the conclusion of this interview the words of Pius XII addressed to the Italian Catholic jurists, December 3, 1953: "The duty of repressing moral and religious error cannot be an ultimate norm of action. It must be subordinate to *higher and more general* norms which in particular circumstances permit, and perhaps even seem to indicate as the better policy, toleration of error in order to promote a *greater good*."

THAT WIELDED THUNDER

I was the youngest;
I had no need of any means but peaceful
to fortify my standing in a family of seven.

But I remember times
when our hot Celtic blood
would erupt in a steam of words between sisters.
Then I who listened
felt my debt of affection for both
stretched on the rack of their quarrel.

There was a day when peace wasn't kissed,
but imposed—the only time I ever saw my father
strike a girlchild.
She crumpled like a moth.
And I shrank from a hand as large as God
that wielded thunder
where the power of love would not prevail.

BY AILEEN FITZPATRICK



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THE HELEN HAYES STORY

(Continued from page 30)

enough to decide against him. I knew I was doing wrong in the eyes of my religion. God had made rules; I had broken one; I never tried to argue against it."

The shadows were lengthening in the garden. The trees made dark patches on the lawn; the river was turning from silver to dark blue. The light was still golden but deepening with the minutes.

Helen Hayes said, "I made another mistake that night at Holy Innocents. I had thought to keep myself away from the church, because I'd surrendered my rights to it. I was wrong to think that . . . and when Mary lay dying, I realized my error when I went into the church across from the hospital. It seemed so good to be there. If I had been disobedient, God hadn't turned away from me. I had done the turning away, I felt. I had added more wrong to what I had done. I knelt at the altar to pray. I didn't ask God to spare Mary, but only to give me understanding of what was happening and strength to endure it. He answered my prayer, I think. Through Mary's death, I learned about suffering; I learned that suffering is common among all of us and must be shared. Other parents had lost their children. I was able to share their experience, especially by the work I started to do for the polio campaign. We set up a Mary MacArthur Memorial Fund. Our Mary's death resulted in others being saved. Her death, yes, that was my first step back to my faith . . ."

Helen Hayes folded her hands in her lap. She sat on the porch, tiny and straight, head tilted to the side, the line of her face fragile in the deepening light. It was a face that told, quite magnificently, of all that had happened to her. It was lined and weathered, old and young, sad and joyous, innocent and knowing, all at once. "What those moments made me realize," she said, "was that God welcomes everyone into His churches, even the rule-breakers like me. And I placed it in His hands that someday I would come back fully . . ."

Which brought her to the night in February, the rosary in her muff, and the Hail Mary while circling the church block. By then, her husband, Charles MacArthur, was dead. In 1955, a theater on West Forty-sixth Street had been named in her honor. On the day the theater's name was changed from THE FULTON to THE HELEN HAYES, dedication ceremonies had been held. She had traveled down from Nyack and stood outside the theater, smiling for the newspaper photographers, while workmen had raised the sign with her name up on to the marquee. She had stood there, smiling, the flash bulbs going off, while, across

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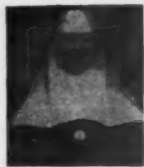
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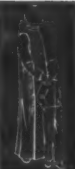
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town in a hospital room, her Charlie had lain dying.

"When Mary was still alive and we were in Europe—Charlie taking Mary on a grand tour, while I played *The Glass Menagerie* in London—I got a phone call from Rome. It was Charlie. He'd taken Mary to the Vatican and wanted to offer to become a Catholic, if it would make me happy. His other marriage wasn't an obstacle any longer, but I told him not to do it just for my sake. He had to want to do it himself. Telling him that was another mistake of mine. Conversions are a matter of grace, aren't they? Perhaps God had made a gift of grace to Charlie. Grace can be lost, if it isn't acted upon. Well, he's with God now and knows a great deal more than I . . ."

After his death, Helen Hayes began going every Sunday to St. Ann's, her parish church in Nyack. She still felt she had no right to be there, but she went. One Sunday, the pastor of St. Ann's, Monsignor Giblin, introduced himself and invited her into the rectory for breakfast. He became her friend; soon, she was a regular visitor to the rectory. Monsignor Giblin talked to her about confession and receiving the Sacraments again. And, one night in February, she went down to New York and stood outside a church, praying for the courage to go up the steps.

"When I finally went up them," she said, holding her head high and smiling, "they weren't difficult to climb, after all. It was because I realized, all at once, God's goodness to me. There had always been His goodness, but He sent me a blessing once, which, when I realized its meaning years later, shattered me as nothing ever had. It happened during the bountiful years, when Charlie and I had Mary for our little girl and life was full. But God knows the future, doesn't He . . ."

There was a silence on the porch, then Helen Hayes went on. "The blessing God sent was my son, Jim. He gave me the gift of wanting to adopt Jim, when everyone argued against it. He sent Jim to be our child. He knew we wouldn't have Mary for very long."

"A God who had been that good to me," Helen Hayes exclaimed, "how could I be afraid to go to Him in confession? I did just that. I went into the church, and it was as if the years had fallen away and I was a little child again, safe in a world I'd almost lost, returned to it at last. I went down the aisle to the altar and knelt there for the longest while, not praying, at least not in words, just looking up at the altar, thanking God . . ."

And then, getting up, she had gone into the confessional.

"I had come home," she said, on the darkening porch, with the lights winking on across the river.

THE SINISTER PLOT TO STEAL LATIN AMERICA (Continued from page 41)

WFTU, which has four other regions across the world covering some 80,000,000 members. Lombardo Toledano, who also helped direct Communist infiltration of Cuban labor in November, is one of five international vice-presidents of the WFTU.

When I roamed through Africa last summer, I ran across the trail of another vice-president—in the Sudan, of all places. The Moscow strategists selected him because the Sudan has one of the few radical movements in the eastern part of Africa. Also there is potential turmoil. So the Soviets picked Shafi Ahmad ash-Shaykh, Secretary-General of the Federation of Trade Unions of the Sudan. His specialty is to attempt to provoke the military rulers of that land into making a martyr out of him by arresting him.

Another vice-president is the powerful French Communist labor leader, Benoit Franchon, Secretary-General of the French Confederation of Labor.

These are the important vice-presidents. The President is Agostino Novello, head of the strong Italian Confederation of Labor, CGIL. Comrade Novello went out to Ciampini Airport in a big car in February, 1959, to greet an American friend and show him the Communist-controlled CGIL headquarters in Rome. The American friend was Harry Bridges, chief of west coast International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Association.

The real power is Louis Saillant, officially Secretary-General of the WFTU. Ever since Stalin, you can recognize the boss by knowing the Secretary-General of a Communist organization.

Working out of his global headquarters at Janska 100, Prague, he has a staff of only six assistants. He needs no more. He has the Russians' entire global network at his fingertips—or perhaps it is more accurate to say he is at their fingertips.

The Prague headquarters under Saillant supposedly is run by a Bureau of fourteen men: They, in turn, allegedly report to an Executive Committee of thirty-six men. Then there is a General Council of ninety-five members.

But Saillant is the boss. He is the last word in all activities—including what goes into the English, French, German, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish, Finnish, Romanian, Japanese, and Chinese labor publications.

Practically all this force is directed against the U.S. At the moment it is concentrated on tearing Latin America from the U.S.

Small wonder Allen Dulles characterizes this virtually unknown outfit one of the world's most "sinister" powers.



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LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

enough can be made to their tremendous work) was made to the labor of love the Sisters perform. But Msgr. William McManus knows the work of the Brothers who labor for him.

We know that not many people know about the Brothers, especially the Teaching Brothers. But right here is a reason why—they are never put forward. As we read (and know from firsthand experience) about the great need for lay teachers, we thought of the young men who have vocations to religious life. It is not toward the priesthood they tend. They like and enjoy working with boys . . . and here's where, all too often, it stops. They do not know of any place where they can fulfill their aims. . . .

BROTHER VENARD, O.S.F.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"OUR PROTESTANT BROTHERS"

Father Kilian McDonnell's article "Our Protestant Brothers" (May) is one that bears rereading over and over again, so essential is this attitude in our relations with these "our brothers in Christ." Would it not be wise to reprint it in leaflet form to keep as a reminder and to pass along to others who may not have read it?

MARY STENGELE

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

"THE MYTH OF SOVIET UNITY"

It was extremely gratifying to find Dr. Lev Dobriansky's article "The Myth of Soviet Unity" in the May issue of THE SIGN. We are in bad need of the facts that Dr. Dobriansky expounded in his fine article.

Of the 210 million people in the "Prison of Nations" called the Soviet Union, more than 50 per cent are non-Russians. The existence of non-Russian nations in the U.S.S.R. is the Achilles' heel of Russian Communism.

These people not only despise Communism but also, with equal intensity, hate the Russian invaders and resist constant attempts of Russification. . . .

Dr. Dobriansky's article will go a long way in exposing the plight of these captive nations, a plight the Russian imperialists, both Red and White, are desperately trying to cover up.

BOHDAN N. HORECZKO
LOYOLA UNIVERSITY OF LOS ANGELES
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

TEN TO ONE

Mr. Red Smith refers to 10,000 or so citizens attending the Kentucky Derby in his article titled "Mr. Fitz, Tranquil Trainer" (May).

For Mr. Smith's information, I would like to inform him that we have more than that amount of spectators on a rainy Saturday at Churchill Downs. The beautiful colored picture enclosed shows part of the 100,000 persons milling around and not the 10,000 as Mr. Smith states. I'm sure

he has attended the Derby in person, therefore, I presume the figure was a typographical error. Won't you correct in your next issue, please?

WILLIAM J. CARNEY
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Red Smith wrote 100,000. The printer and the proofreader will have to take the blame for the drastic cut-down.

"THE SPOILED KID"

I thought Robert Craig's story in the May issue of THE SIGN an excellent one, well written and plotted with proper characterization, and—for a change from life—full of respect for decency and principles. Please congratulate your author—and my compliments to you.

IRENE CORBALLY KUHN
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CREDIT RATES

We are very pleased to read your illuminating article "Watch Those Credit Rates!" in the May issue of THE SIGN.

The parishioners of Our Lady of Mercy Church in the Bronx are indeed fortunate. Members of Our Lady of Mercy Federal Credit Union are charged only 6 per cent annual interest (1/2 of 1 per cent per month on the unpaid balance) on all loans, including automobile charges. All loans are insured at no extra cost to the borrower.

We thought you might be interested in learning of one parish where what you cite as "practically impossible" is actually very possible.

FRANCIS B. TAYLOR
PRESIDENT
OUR LADY OF MERCY FEDERAL
CREDIT UNION
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MRS. WOLFORD

We would like to tell you how pleased we are with the splendid feature you did on our DACCW Public Relations Chairman, Mrs. Wolford, in "People of the Month" for April. She is indeed worthy of recognition.

THE SIGN Magazine is always of great interest to the Council. We appreciate not only your generous coverage for us, but also the many areas of vital interest which you highlight.

MRS. FRANK J. SCHADEN
ARCHDIOCESAN PRESIDENT
THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF
CATHOLIC WOMEN
DETROIT, MICH.

WORKING MOTHERS

After a very excellent article in March's issue of THE SIGN on working mothers, I was taken aback by your April article on the Ambrus' "One Family's Battle With Cancer." Whether she holds a doctor's degree or not—she is still a working mother who is away from her family. When she became a mother, her doctor's degree should have taken second place—

I myself hold a Master's Degree in Library Science but believe Clara Ambrus and I are better off educating our children than practicing our professions.

MRS. A. R. GREENWOOD
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

WARM-HEARTED AMERICANS

"Better late than never" holds true for many things, and we hope you feel that way about this terribly belated thank-you note. Mrs. Sonaggere and I were extremely happy and highly honored to have been selected as "THE SIGN's People of the Month" in the February issue of the magazine.

Over the years, the wide circulation of THE SIGN has helped considerably in making the CRS-NWCW Program in India better known throughout the world, as well as impressing upon the reader the increasing need for helping God's unfortunate poor—for this we are also deeply grateful.

Another thing Mrs. Sonaggere and I were pleased to read was that we were referred to as "warmhearted" Americans. Now we are trying, more than ever, to live up to this very flattering title.

ARMANDO E. SONAGGERE
CRS-NWCW PROGRAM DIR., INDIA

AFRICA

There are one or two comments that I should like to make, not because I did not like the articles on Africa (April), but precisely because I did. I felt that there were some phrases or statements which marred their effectiveness.

I think, for example, that an expression such as appears on the first page of the article "Nigeria, The Black Colossus," "On a continent where history, asleep for ages, is now being written too fast," falls into the category of thousands of similar expressions which give credibility to the mistaken impression that nothing happened in Africa before the white man came. As recent historical, archeological, and other research is beginning to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt, much indeed was happening in Africa and in terms of very important civilizations.

In quite a different category, I am afraid that I found myself somewhat irritated by the suggestion (on p. 15 in the same article) that "positive neutrality," meaning a country will line up with whatever big power offers the best deal, is a diplomatic policy unknown to any but the African nations. I think you will agree with me that, however it may be stated, this is an international rule of conduct which has existed since the dawn of international relations. The suggestion that there is something slightly more insidious or unique about African nations' utilizing this strategem is, perhaps, an unnecessary addition to the pile of prejudices which we are probably going to have to rid ourselves of before we can understand and deal effectively with these nations. . . .

One of the more surprising statements in the article—"In African society, there are few public strictures to support moral code," would seem to indicate an in-



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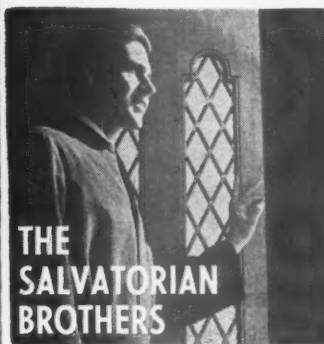
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sufficient appreciation of the differences between the moral code to which we, as Catholics or Christians, adhere and those which obtain for different groups of Africans. Indeed, Christianity would find it far more difficult to gain any footing at all in Africa if it did not have the advantage of being built on an established foundation of the acceptance of a moral code, albeit very different from that which is espoused within Christianity.

JAMES T. HARRIS, JR.
ASSISTANT EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
AMERICAN SOCIETY OF AFRICAN CULTURE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

MOTHER OR CHILD DILEMMA

In the "Sign Post" for April, p. 58, you answer the recurring query, "Shall the mother or the child be saved in childbirth?" Of course, I agree with your answer that such a problem should not arise in modern obstetrics. This does not satisfy the inquirer, either Catholic or non-Catholic, who still believes that if such a choice should arise, the Church would insist on saving the infant.

As an obstetrician in practice for twenty years and a convert to Catholicism, I have tried to find the reason for this belief. Certainly the Church has but one rule in such cases: "Do no wrong!" Also, the Church says that the unborn child is an individual and, as such, has equal rights with the mother. Some non-Catholic physicians ignore the fact that a child is an individual before it is born and thus feel that they may kill it with impunity. If in their judgment the child's death would improve the mother's chance of life, they see no wrong in killing the child.

When an expectant mother is told that she will die unless her child is killed, i.e., by therapeutic abortion, her non-Catholic physician firmly believes his statement. She then seeks consultation from a Catholic physician, who says he is not permitted to kill the child but will carry the mother through her pregnancy. The non-Catholic physician then has proof that the Catholic physician prefers the death of the mother to that of the child. The fallacy here is that the mother's death occurs only in the belief of the non-Catholic physician. If this were not so, Catholic hospitals should have a high maternal death rate, which they do not have. Contrariwise, published articles on therapeutic abortions and similar procedures should show a marked saving in maternal lives. This they do not do.

Admittedly, the above answer deals more with therapeutic abortion than with term delivery. But such problems occur much more frequently and, I believe, are responsible for keeping the myth of "mother-or-child" alive. There are a few cases of childbirth where both mother and child demanded treatment at the same time. The mother may be bleeding and the newborn infant not breathing. In both Catholic and non-Catholic hospitals, the obstetrician cares for the bleeding and delegates the care of the infant to his assistant or to the nurse in attendance. Thus, neither is sacrificed for the other.

GEORGE D. PATTON, M.D.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

